B 4389

A POST WITH A PACQUET OF LETTERS.

LONDON: Printed by J. C. for Tho. [illegible] at the Bible in Pauls Church-yard (a corner-shop) next Cheap[side]

A POST

TWOOD

B 4389

TO

The Right Worſhipful

MAXIMILIAN DALLISON

Of *Hawlin* in the County of *Kent* Eſq.

Nicholas Breton wiſheth the happineſs of this world, and Heaven hereafter.

I Finde in *Latine*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh* Books, of Epiſtles dedicated to Men of good account, as well for their Places, as Spirits; but withal, I muſt confeſs the Authors of thoſe Writings to have been men of thoſe Judgements, that have ſet down matters worthy of regard. Now for my ſelf, though I cannot ſtand in the rank of thoſe rare Wits, yet noting in your Judgement that true nobleneſs of Spirit, that by regard of your good

favour, may grace the Works of an unworthy hope, and preſuming (upon the knowledge of your diſcretion) to receive pardon of my preſumption, hoping that you ſhall find nothing diſpleaſing to an honeſt minde, ſome things profitable to a young Wit, and wiſhing all worthy the favourable acceptation of your good patience, in all due thankfulneſs for your undeſerved goodneſs. I humbly take my leave.

Yours in affectionate ſervice,

Nicholas Breton.

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TO THE READER.

GEntle, if you be, be you ſo, gentle Reader; you ſhall underſtand, that I know not when, there came a Poſt I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what: But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap, with lack of heed, to let fall a Pacquet of idle Papers, the Superſcription being onely to him that findes it. Being my fortune to light on it, ſeeing no greater ſtile in the Direction, I fell to opening the Incloſure; in which I found divers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learn. Now for the Contents of the Circumſtances, when you have read them, judge of them, and as you like them, regard them: And for my ſelf, hearing you like well of this firſt Part, I have adventured a ſecond, which here I preſent you with both in one. But fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, leſt you like the worſe of thoſe that follow, I reſt as I have reaſon,

Yours,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

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A POST WITH A PACQUET of mad LETTERS.

A Complemental Letter.

Dear Friend,

THe elegant compoſure of your Lines makes me to eſteem you a deep Scholar, and the remonſtrance of your love towards me, makes me glory in ſo exquiſite a friend. With what an eſtaſie of comfort ſhall I be ravished by your company, who ſuckeſt thus with joy at the paper which bears the characters of your name and chaud-dotting ſ which written truly is moſt delectable, but not ſatisfactory: For I cannot derive a fulneſs of content to my ſelf, though I were made poſſeſſor of both the INDIES, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever be deprived of your ſociety, which I account the greateſt moity of all terrene happineſs, who am reſolved ſtill to continue my ſorrow for your continued abſence, and requeſt you to haſten the hour wherein I may congratulate your ſafety, and abridge my time of mourning with a ſpeedy and moſt welcome return unto

Your devoted friend, *A. B.*

From a Son to his Father.

WHereas it is the part of every Childe, being by duty and nature chiefly bound, daily to ſollicite God with importunate Prayers for his Parents proſperity; I therefore, good Father, being a Son more bound then any, through the ſweet bounty of a Fathers love, do now in all reverence obediently remember my zeal and duty, with my fervent prayers for the continuance of all true felicity towards you, whoſe love hath been the Flood to fill the Banks again, when my irregular Expences were the Ebb-tides to make my Money run low; but as I am inſufficient to make a plenary retribution, or cancel the Obligation of your ſo many kindneſſes and benefits, ſo will I never forget to ſhew my grateful remembrance: But being aſhamed

to

to return nothing but here [illegible] I take at this grea-
test [illegible] your [illegible] your trial and experi-
ence; and [illegible] to accept [illegible] of

Your obedient Son, *I. M.*

A Letter of Love to his Mistress.

Loveliest Mistris,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A Letter to his Mistris defining Marriage.

[redacted]

Your assured loving friend till death, *H. K.*

A merry Letter of news of Complaints.

[redacted]

that I have no matter of worth wherewith better to fit thy humour, in as much kindness as I can, I commend my love to thy command, and so I rest,

Thine ever as my own, *W. P.*

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I will not deny but your fair eyes are able to dart love into any beholder; but the vertues of your mind hath won me to be enamored on your person. They that aim at the form, tie their loves but to an apprehendship of beauty, which broken with sickness or years, they grow either cold in their affection, or fall to a loathing on their once-beloved object. But I (considering of your virtuous, and supporting my hopes upon the Pillar of your patience) put it to your election either to grace me with your favour, whose love shall be as durable as the immortal essence of your soul, from whence flow your never-enough commended virtues; or to cast it on some superficial and temporary lover, whose affection will fade with the decay of your fast-vanishing Beauty. But I will here set a period to my lines, and give way to your discreet consideration to contemplate and discuss of the most affectionate suit of

Your ever-avowed Servant, *R. L.*

A Letter of comfortable advice to a Friend, who sorrowed for the Death of his Love.

HOnest ALEXANDER, I hear thou art of late fallen into an extreme melancholy, by reason of the sudden departure of [illegible] out of this life. For thy sake I am sorry the body left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this world, she be sure gone to a better. If to the mourning could recover her from death, I would willingly bear part of thy passion; but when it doth her no good, and thy self much hurt, let not a wilful humour lead thee into a deadly consumption. Thou knowest she is senseless in the grave, and will thou therefore be witless in the world? May love be extreme, and let me believe it, will thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God reward me ill, thou knowest I love thee, and in my love let me advise thee not to go from thy self with an imagination of what was, to love that which is: because she is in Heaven, will thou be in Hell? or if she be half an Angel, will thou be more than half a Devil? Thy spend thy spirit to a better purpose; let not the remembrance of her perfection drive thee into imperfections; nor make love hateful to others, by

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feeling the unhappiness caused in thy self: Oh let not fancy shew folly in thee, howsoever virtue deserved honour in her. Leave thy solitary dwelling and come live with me, we will devise some good means for the remove of this melancholy. In the mean time make not too much of it, lest it chance to prove a madness. Love thy self, and believe thy friend; and what is in me to do thee good command as thine own. Glad I would be to see thee, as he who dare entirely love thee; and so, desirous to hear from thee, to the Almighty God I commit thee. Farewel.

Thine as his own, E. D.

His Answer.

KInd FRANK, I have received thy friendly Letter, and note thy careful love; but pardon me if I do not answer to thy liking. Alas, how can he truely judge of love, that never himself was in love? or know how soundly to help a lover that never felt it? Reading makes a Scholar by rule, and observation (if wits) both nurse in the perfection of Art; but Experience is the mistress of knowledge. [illegible] beauty was no upon-trust, whose perfect gaze ought to the heart's eye; nor her bottom an ordinary bait, which put reason to his perfect understanding: and for her graces, are they not written among the virtuous? Thou saiest well, 'tis vain to persuade a creature to make [illegible] than on this ground; and is it not then a folly to love [illegible] in this world? Imaginations are idle dreams, objects [illegible] objects of the senses, where the eye of memory is [illegible] Oh honest FRANK, think thou hast not lived, that hast not loved, nor canst live in this world to have such a Love die in it; it is a dull spirit that is fed with oblivion, and a dead sense that hath no feeling of love. Think therefore what was, is with me, and my self is nothing, without the enjoying of that something, which was to me all in all. As not the presence of an Angel able to raise the flight of a man; so is not the light of beauty the life of love: Leave then to burthen me with imperfection of my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my paradise, whose absence is my hell. Thou dost misconstrue my mind, in languishing for her lack, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other comforts: no [illegible] let it suffice [illegible] forget her; and though I live both thy [illegible] patience them both pardon, till time better temper [illegible] which, most devoted to thee of any man living, till I in thy behalf shall be as shortly as I well can) I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, D. E.

A Letter of advice to a young Courtier.

My noble kinsman, I hear of late that you are entred a great Courtier; I wish you much preferment, and your self contentment: but for that your years are young, and your discretion may haply be subject to error, I have here and there to look to that which I commit you: Keep your Purse warily, and your Credit charily; your Reputation bashfully, and your Honour carefully: for your friends, as you finde them use them: for your Lobe, let it be secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing: for if Fancy be wanting, Merit shall be a fool. Scorn not Ladies, for they are worthy to be loved; but make not lobe to many, lest thou be loaded of none. If thou hast a fair face, be not afraid of thy fortune, but [illegible] discretion to correct a [illegible]: go neat, but not gay, lest it argue a [illegible] and [illegible] lest to become [illegible] more [illegible] [illegible] affected [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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A mournful Letter to a Brother.

GOod Brother, the misery of my uncomfortable life, the crossness of my cruel fortune, and the unkindness of my natural kin, have made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latest hour; and yet loth to despair of God's goodness, willing to take any good course for my comfort, I have of late been perswaded by some of experience in their journeys into those parts, that my travel into the Low-Countries should not be unto me unfortunate, as well for that I am desirous to see those countries, as that I would make use of my study, to the end that I might, by conference with learned men, there profit myself in the knowledge of many things, which I know not, being here at home. Wherefore I am determined, by God's grace, to go thither, where I will endeavour myself to the uttermost of my power, that I may return from thence a better man than I went thither. And because I am to crave your help for the furnishing of my purse, I am bold to require you, in the true love of a natural brother, to

Yours as my own, &c.

His Answer.

DEar Brother, as I grieve at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts: but my estate, much inferiour to my will, makes me unable to satisfie your expectation: and yet would I have my self rather than you should perish. For you shall receive by this bearer what

what I may, and more as I shall be better [illegible] courses for the Lord Commers, I [illegible] the garrison, the sooner to eat up the [illegible] your intent touching Arms, I [illegible] your experience; But in far I do [illegible] in, as I would [illegible] the poor distressed [illegible] of leaving the people [illegible] your own dear [illegible] patience with thy crosses, attend mercy for thy comfort, and take a care of home, whatsoever thou farest abroad. [illegible] but the love of pride, let it be a bar to all thy preferment, and abthrow all thy honour. If thou art weary of the world, make then thy way towards Heaven, that God who hath tried thee with calamities, may bless thee with eternal comforts: In hope whereof, willing in all I can to help, praying heartily for thee, that thy unfeigned hearts love, unto the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Your loving Brother, D. S.

To a Minister in the behalf of a sick Friend.

SIr, though it hath ever been my study to furnish my self with constancy against the disastrous infirmities of [illegible], yet I could not but be much moved out of [illegible] news of our friend Master [illegible] sickness hath not so benevolently [illegible] as brotherly attached my heart. [illegible] bours so liberally, though unbeseechingly [illegible] to participate in his grief, as if it were mine [illegible] be rudeness in me, now to trouble him, I [illegible] unto you, and beseech you [illegible] come from he must use all [illegible] through a dear term [illegible] his sickness, and to beg remission of his sins, [illegible] his Tears, which are so gracious in Heaven, that there sin is washed away with such a flood, and no [illegible] happily it is a superfluous care in me, to set a spur in your side, and to prick you on, who are forward enough of your self to perform all holy Offices that can be in one of your Coat required. Therefore, if forrow hath been a bad Vicaror to my Pen, bear with the boldness of

Your mournful friend, E. F.

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A Letter of a jealous Husband to his Wife.

Wife, in as much kindness as I can, I advise you to leave such courses, as is [illegible] to your [illegible] and my [illegible]. You know much company caused many occasions of idle speeches, and young men are not in their days given to speak the best of their kinde friends: Trifles and toys were better refused than accepted, and time idly spent brings but beggary, or a worse blot. Of all the Birds in the Field, I love not a Cuckow in my house: Truly I do not dissemble with you, your light behaviour doth much dislike me, and how glad I should be to have it reformed, you [illegible] [illegible] it. [illegible] I crave you take it [illegible], and [illegible] what I [illegible] you my house to make an [illegible] of [illegible]: Fit me not with the fool, [illegible] you [illegible] with a [illegible] humour. Shake off such acquaintance as [illegible] and offered; and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a mother's care [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

is pleased well enough: Women must talk when they meet, and men not to be feigned, though not entertained; and he that keepeth a house must seek to bear up discourse. [illegible] and think of some matter of [illegible] as careful of my carriage [illegible] and [illegible] your [illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible] Wife, H. P.

A Letter of kinde Complements to a Friend.

KNowing my Friends love, I make much of small trifles; for assuredly [illegible] your coming, and make your abode [illegible] here, in the Fire-hold of my love. I assure the [illegible] And in seeking Complements to [illegible] heart, I rest,

Yours as you do, and shall ever know, N. B.

His Answer.

SIr, I have received your kinde Letter, and I finde you have [illegible] my [illegible] pleasure you. I will [illegible] sence, not [illegible] your expectation; for [illegible]

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ners, and so much vain is not fit; therefore vouch as I conveniently can, I assure you, you shall see me, and in fair affection finde me to the uttermost of my power, rather in action than protestation, opening mine fair weather or foul.

Yours as my own, *W. R.*

A Letter of love to a Gentlewoman.

FAir Mistris, to court you with Eloquence, were as ill as to grieve you with fond tales; let it therefore please you rather to believe what I write, than to note what I speak: For my Heart being fired in your Eyes, hath bowed my service in your Beauty; in which, finding reasons admirations, I can think but of Nature in her perfection, in which, being rabished above it self, craveth of your favour to be instructed by your kindness; I mean no farther than in obedience to your commandments: For if I be any thing my self, it shall be nothing more than yours; and less than nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you above the Stars, compare you with the Sun, or set you above the Starrs, adore you with the Phenix, imagine you a Goddess; but I will leave such base painting fictions, and think you onely your self, whose vertuous beauty, and whose honourable discretion is able to command the love of the best, and the labours of the proudest, with the best of their endeavours in the perfection of your employment, to set the height of their fortune. I shall not therefore I desire you in hope of favour, but honour you in the desert of vertuous ornaments; in which, if you would beautifie to entertain the humble of my affection, what you shall finde in my love, I will leave to your kindness to consider: in the care of which comfort, craving pardon for my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly,

Yours devoted to be commanded, *F. W.*

Her Answer.

SIr, I have heard Scholars say, that it is art to conceal art; and that under a face of simplicity is hidden much subtility; of which poor silly women need to be afraid, I will leave with men to consider: And though I cannot in fine or fit terms answer the curiosity of your writing, yet after a plain and homely fashion, I will intreat you to accept of my writing. Perfection and Correction cannot meet together in one subject; and therefore my [illegible] Letter, before it [illegible] be [illegible] your eyes, [illegible] better [illegible]: [illegible] the [illegible] points of [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]

any thing, that is drawn into admiration of nothing: onely this, not unkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth, leaving Fictions to idle Fancies. Let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, and to honour a better substance than my unworthy self. And yet so far to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conveniently counterbail the care of your kindness, excuse my indiscretion, if I fail of my desire: In which, wishing you more happiness than to be commanded by my unworthyness, I rest as I may,

Your loving poor friend, *M. W.*

A Letter of scorn to a coy Dame.

MIstris Fubs, if you were but a little fair, I see you would be mighty proud; and had you but the wit of a Goose, you would surely kiss the Gander: but being (with as bad qualities as can be imbred) as rich as a new-shorn Sheep, I hope Fortune is not so mad as to bless you farther than the beggar. If it not your Holiday face put on after the ill-favoured fashion, can make your self more ugly in a true light; and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Taylor, you might be set up for the signe of the Sea-crab. Now for your Parentage, to help out with the hope of the rest, when the Tinkers son and Coblers daughter met under the Hedge at the untiding of a sack, within forty weeks after, what fell out you know. I may not go about to lay open the foul Demeanors of a filthy Carcas, but as patiently as I can to keep decorum in your description; let me tell you, that all this, and much more being true in your disgrace, I cannot chuse but marvel that you mourn not to death in imagination, to think that a Monster in nature can have any disgrace in reason: but let it be as it is, I have but lost a little breath in talking to a deaf Ear; for I mean to take no more travel to the subject of so ill an object: And therefore, meaning to take my farewel, and beginning with you both at one instant, leaving you to loath your self, as one whom no creature can be in love withal, sorry that I ever saw you, and never more intending to trouble you, in recompence of your course entertainment, I rest in all kindness, this present, and always,

Yours as much as may be, *T. E.*

Her Answer.

MAster [illegible], it is not your bufsy tufsy can make me afraid of your big looks; for I take the Map of ancient [illegible] where a crack-coward was well cognized for his quarrelsomness: Yours as [illegible]

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is so neer the Natural, as I am almost ashamed to betoke so good a name as the Rogue on your; but for modesty sake I will no further forbear you, and onely tell you, that a hanging Look and a bloudy Heart, a cunning Wit and corrupt Conscience, make you to be a Mate for the Devil, that there is no Christian will desire your company. Now for your estate, it is much on fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the pain of their Heads is onely healed with the Halter. And for your Linage, when the Wearwards Ape and the Hangmans Monkey met together on a Hay-mow, what a Whelp came out of such a Litter, let all the World judge, I say nothing. Now for your stump Feet, and your lame Hand, suiting kindly with your wry Neck, who would not make little of their eyes that could endure the light of such a Picture. Then your Wealth being but a few Rotten, which you have almost all spent in idle humours, hoping that the Fortune will not quarrel with the Crab, and that when you have stood upon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madness, till the Daw-cock tell you how the Daw-cock hath caught you; leading further to think on your more than utterly to loath you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discontent, in full measure with your malice. The rest,

Yours as you see, *A. W.*

A Letter to a foul Dowdy.

MAISTRIS JOAN JOOSE, I hear that you think your self fair, but you are much deceived; for the Curriers Dye is but a course kinde of Painting; and for wit, how far you are from understanding, the wise can tell you. Now for qualities, where you learned them I know not; but if you could leave them it were well. I wonder not a little what madness hath possessed your Brains, that you can make so much of your self; are your eyes your own? or are they so leaked they cannot see? Get you to your prayers, and leave making of lobs; for age and evil favour had need to be helped with a good Purse. I hear you study Musick; indeed when the Owl sings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: But for shame learn not to dance; for a Barrel can but tumble: but would you use a medicine for your Teeth, you might be the better to speak with in the Morning. What ails you to buy a Fan, except it be to hide your Face? And till your Hands be whole, you will wear but Gloves for your Credit. Now for your gilded Hair, and above, your self, that you keep not your Chamber for shame, for every one but laughs at you, at least scorns to look on you. Be therefore content to do as I wish you; speak with none but by Attorney; so take the

Painter to better Pictures, and rather grieve at Nature for framing you, then to think of any thing that may help you. Your Gods bless me from your counsel, and make suit to death for your comfort. And thus hoping, that being weary of your self, you will hasten to your Grave, I end,

Yours as you see, *H. I.*

Her Answer.

SIr NORRIS PALLIPART, you may think your self wise; but you do not shew it: For railing words are the most testimonies for a good wit. For good qualities I think you know them not, nor can go from the evil; but for manners I think it scarcely best with your humours: For the help whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the Strand: But for ill sight, who is so blinde as old WAYLAND, that will not see his own folly: My prayers I will not forget to God, to bless me from such mad Gerrits on earth: And for lobe more than charity, I hold you the farthest off in my thought. Now knowing your poverty, I wonder you will speak of a Birth. As for an ill-favoured face, go to Parisgarden to your good Brother. Indeed your CHOPPED-sanguine is most pure complexion; but for your Tobacco, it is a good purge for your Rheume. For my Fan, it keeps sometimes from the sight of such a Wizard as your good face; and for my Hands, I keep my Nails on my Fingers, though you cannot keep your Hair on your Head. Now for lamenting fools, you are prohibed for a coxcomb; and for loathing all ill conditioners, let the Sanguine drake your Picture. Be therefore contented to be thus answered; speak wisely, or hold your peace, and be not bulle with your betters, lest you know the nature of Bad-I-wis. So hoping that you will be weary of the world, and that you will hang your self for a Medicine to heal your faults of Melancholy, I will bequeath you a Halter upon free cost at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, *E. P.*

A Letter for the preferring of a Servant.

SIr, knowing your necessary use of a good Servant, and remembring your late speech with me touching that a matter, I thought good to commend unto you in that behalf the bearer hereof W. T. a man honest, secret, and careful diligence, upon a reasonable tryal, will now make

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make proof of his sufficiency. His Patentage is not base, nor his Disposition vile; but he carries equipage as one of his place: Such a one as I am perswaded will fit your turn. If therefore at my request you will entertain him, I doubt not but you will thank me for him: For I was glad I had so trusty a Servant to commend unto you, and hope to hear he will much content you. And thus lest to trouble you with further circumstances, leaving his service to your regard, my love to your like commandment, in affectionate good will I rest,

Yours ever assured, *N. B.*

The Answer.

SIr, I have received both your Letter and the Bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake; for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you. Your commendation of him argueth your knowledge of a sufficient warrant for his words, which I will as kindly and thankfully think on. His Countenance I like well, and his Beard better: and for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion. Within a while you shall know how I like him; in the mean time he shall find that I will love him: And for all things necessary for his present use, I finde him sufficiently furnished; but if I finde his wants, it shall be soon supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining, your kinde neighbour till a good occasion of requital, with my hearty commendations I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend, *R. V.*

A Letter of counsel to a Friend.

MY best approved and worthiest beloved PHILO, I hear by some of late come from thence, that thou art to be somewhat intimate in the acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amorous humour, especially with a Mistris of no mean perfections; a matter, that importeth thy future [illegible]. I could heartily wish, that [illegible] affection [illegible] were [illegible] hearty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

beliebe her not: Nay, doth she love thee? regard her not; for it is a [illegible] worth, as will give but [illegible] the buying. I feared the [illegible] had taken hold of thy Lodging, but thou art pestered with a [illegible] of infection; thy Study is infected with idleness, thy Brain with dizziness, and thy Spirit with madness. O leave these [illegible] Love but a Dream, and Beauty a Shadow, and Folly a Vanity, and Repentance a Misery: Make out of thy sleep, and call thy wits together; be not sotted with a humour, nor slave to thy self-will: Leave courting of a Courtizan, and keep thy Breath for a better blast; Save thy Purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit: Let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee. For my self, how I grieve for thee, I would I could tell thee; but let thus much suffice thee, believe nothing as she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor give her any thing that she wants: See her but to purge melancholy; talk with her but to sharpen wit; give her but to be rid of her company; and use her but according to her condition; so shalt thou have a hand over those humours that would have a head over thy Heart, and be master over thy Servants by the better of thy Spirit: otherwise will having gotten the Bridle in her Teeth, will run away with the Rider; and Reason being cast off, may rather sit well in the Saddle. But why do I urge these persuasions to the resolve of thy passions? If thou be jealous ill, thou wilt hardly get out; if thou be but over Shoes, thou mayst be saved from drowning. Whatsoever I hear, I hope the best; but to avoid the worst, I have presumed out of my love to send thee the fruit of my affection: in which, if my care may do thee comfort, I shall think it a great part of my happiness; howsoever it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindness. And so till I hear from thee, which I daily long for, I rest,

Thine as my own, *E. D.*

His Answer.

SWEET LADY, I have received the most kinde and careful Letter, [illegible] messenger of my most deare Lady, who hath told me no less than [illegible] believe, that Love in the beginning is the very entrance to madness. [illegible] yet though I [illegible] counsel, give me leave a little to [illegible] gentlemen would counsel [illegible] that before [illegible] condition and [illegible] cast [illegible] gracelessly. Virtue may be wantred. Now for words, they have their sub-

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substance, and Love is not to be abused: For it is a jewel [illegible] that is worthy of his price. Affections are [illegible] as a most cruel plague; but tis thy self of that disease, and [illegible] my health in the other. Reconceit is a kinde of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] troubled with toleness, is troubled with [illegible] a mad man: but he that is inwoll'd had need be reformed; and he that [illegible] at an imperfection may fall himself upon the Fool. Now for a mad Dream, or an imagined Witch, conceited Sleep, or an intreated Waking; I must confess they are pretty humours, and will think of their errours. And now for sotting and slavery, and for courting in knavery, be perswaded that time will employ my Purse to better purpose: then grieve not for me, but onely love me, and let that suffice thee: and for thy advice in eating, talking, and [illegible] fear not the bad [illegible] with of thy folly: for he that is master of himself, shall not need his Spurrits; and therefore he that cannot rise, let him leave the Saddle: for Reason hath a power over Love, which is but a Servant to Nature: In the currantry of which course [illegible] tending to [illegible] my [illegible] on my head; with many thanks for thy kinde perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exception at my conclusions, intreating thee to believe no more of me than thou needst, expect to love me as thou dost thy self: the faith of that affection that holds thee dear to my love, I rest, during life,

Thine obliged and devoted, &c.

A Letter of Comfort to a Sister in Sorrow.

DEar Sister, I heard lately of your Husbands departure for the INDIES, whereupon my sorrow I considered your heavy case; in which, finding his want to be grievous, and your Friends cold in comfort, I could not chuse you without unkindness, but remember these Lines of my love unto you. I know your state is weak, how fair soever you make your weather; but the more is your Patience worthy of Honour, that can so nobly conceal your discontentments. For my self, I would I were able to do you good; but what I have it can procure, shall not fail [illegible] a poor [illegible] cheer, and [illegible] you cheer; for a creature of your [illegible] your self [illegible] her [illegible] and you to be as [illegible] much comfort as you can: no doubt but God [illegible]

[illegible] them; hope then of my Brother's happy return, and till then command me. Shortly God willing you shall see me: in the mean time let me intreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater love, which is but an assurance of the beginning of my affections never ending, in which predicament of true friendship, I rest ever assured,

Your loving Sister, *E. W.*

The Answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your kinde Letter, and loving Token, for both which I am your thankful debtour: But touching my Husband, though his wants were grievous, yet the want of him is my greatest sorrow; for in the stay of his love was the stay of my living. I am sure that you know my neatness, and will it but in regard to [illegible] your kindness: But good Sister, though I am willing to conceal my crosses, as to be beholden to so honourable a spirit, I count it not the least of my happiness; therefore though I have betaken my self to solitariness in his absence, your company shall be to me a light in darkness; and noting the nature of your kindness, both ever be beholding to your love. Come then to me when you will, and command what you will; for I will be as good as you will. My Children are my worlds joys, and my hearts jewels, in whose face I would behold their Fathers, in whose love I would spend my life. So in a merry-go-lorry, grieving for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy return, your health, and my own patience, that in too much passion of affection I fall not upon indiscretion: with most hearty thankful love I commend my self to your commandment.

Yours affectionately bound, *E. G.*

A Letter of love to a fair Mistris.

Faire Mistris, to trouble you with a long circumference, I might perhaps fear you with the loss of time; and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit: But to avoid both these, let me a little intreat your wise patience to peruse in a few words the sum of a long Tale; in which the triall of Love, in the [illegible] hour of Death, pretendeth the joy of his life but the fruit of your favour, of which the thought of the untowardness bred so much fear in his [illegible]. That makes me to believe; but in your wisdome is required of understanding, that in my triall you may trust me, and

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by defert eſtéem me ; in which, if I deceive your expectation, let me die in the infancy of your diſdain. Thus, not to flatter you with a fair title in the ſtare of your worthy commendation, beſeeching to be commanded by the kinde care of your diſcretion, in the bands of a bowed ſervice, I humbly reſt,

Yours always aſſured, R. O.

The Anſwer.

SIr, as I would be loth to be thought proud, I would as unwillingly be found lowe ; either to deſerve an merit of my felf, or not to have a reſpect of others. Enough is ſpoken matched with ſmooth words, and I am as not free from great ſuſpicion of. Your ſtyle may be greater, ſhall not better ; and to alter mine, I ſee no reaſon : your remains not your benefits to my ſervice unſeemly. Where the deed is my commandment may be the beſt of your conſideration. Your conſideration of time, may ſeem my ſhortneſs of writing ; where in a word you may underſtand, that I meant that I have as honourable in Rome and Mertle the latter, yet in Antium : in which, if I do not miſconſtrue your conceit, I will anſwer the care of your kindneſs : in which, according to the due of deſert, you ſhall finde the effects of your deſire. And ſo for this time, I reſt,

Your poor friend, A. Q.

A Letter of counſel from a kinde Father.

DEar ſon, you muſt not, from your Father, look for a flattering lobe, nor take it unkindly, that I give you warning of what may prejudice your good. Above all things, fear God, and keep a clear conſcience ; paſs not the limits of allegiance, nor build Caſtles in the Air : converſe not with fools, for your ſhall loſe your time : take heed of madneſs, for there is much to be feared in them : and beware of baſhfulneſs, for it is a deadly humour. I have heard you are given much to ſolitariness ; it is a great charge to many, and profiteth few : employ your time ſo, that you loſe not by the bargain. What a grief it is to want, I may chuſe you never know ; and therefore either learning, which is a ſure poſſeſſion, or ſome honeſt trade of life, make a poor man. I have ſent you an hundred Crowns, look how you beſtow them, & when you need any more, ſend to me for them. After the Term, the Vacation will call you into the Country ; where, knowing my Father's houſe, thou muſt make thine own welcome ; till when and always I will pray for thee, that God will bleſs thee, that I may have joy in thee.

Your loving Father, R. W.

A kinde Answer of a loving Son.

MY dear Father, as I will not flatter my self with your love, so I cannot but joy in your kindness, whose careful counsel within the compass of so few words I will lock up in my Heart as my best Jewel. For to serve God, is the duty of a Christian; and no longer let me live, than in the care of that comfort. A clear Conscience I finde like a Sanctuary, where the Soul may take a safe place of rest. To pass the limits of Allegeance, merits the loss of life; and to build Castles in the Air, they are but vain meer imaginations. Fools cannot understand me, and knaves I will not trouble me. For drunkenness, never burden me, for it is most loathsome in my nature. For your Crowns, I humbly thank you, and hope to bestow them to your liking. Touching Alchymy, I hear much, but believe little; but I will not waste your Land to make a new metal. The Vacation is near, and I will not be long from you; where finding you well, shall be my best welcome. So praying for your long health, and hearts best happiness, in all humble thanks I take my leave.

Your obedient Son, *R. W.*

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

AS I have reposed trust in your care, I look for your performance of my credit: Your ability in managing such matters as I have committed to your charge, I make no doubt of; and therefore, hoping in your discretion to hear of my expected contentment, I will look by your next Letters to hear of the sum of my desire. In the mean time let me tell you, that I sent you fourteen broad Cloaths, and thirty Kersies, with other such Commodities as I think fit for your use in those parts. I pray you make your best market, and take heed to whom you credit: for as I hear, there are men reputed of great wealth, in suspition of playing Bankrupts; have therefore the more care of your business, your travels shall not be unconsidered. Your French Crownes I hear this year are very small, and your Gascoin Crownes be very dear, French cheap: but you know your markets, and I have you will have a care of your money; for it is hardly come by, and, as this world goes, doth much in great matters. If there be any news of worth, acquaint me with them, and in any wise do not trouble me with untruths. Your Cousin tells me that you are in good regard with the Governour, for certain Cloaths which you bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion; for sometimes it is better to give than to take. In sum, let this suffice you, without farther circumstance;

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you have my Lobe and my Purse, I pray you have a care of both. So till I hear from you, I rest,

Your loving Master, *T. P.*

His Answer.

Sir, I beseech you mistrust not your trusty man, have any fear of my care: For having both your Lobe and your Purse, how can the one let me forget the other? No, Sir, be you assured, however Bankers play Bankrupt, Pawns will receive no credit: And touching such affairs as I have in charge, doubt not of my dispatch. Your Cloaths I have received, and like them very well; your Jerkins are very good, I would you had sent more of them; for they are much in request, and well sold. I have by good hap met with an Hundred tun of Gascoin-wines upon a good market, as you may know by my Note. Prunes are good and good cheap, and therefore I have sent you greater store of them: on the Note you shall finde the Mark, both two letters of your name. Of the rest Post your shall be answered. In the mean time, finding no intelligence of worth, lest to trouble you with trifles, glad to perform that duty that your kindness hath bound me to, nothing to live no longer than discharge the office of an honest Jerk, praying for your long health and everlasting happiness, I humbly take my leave,

Your faithful servant, *M. W.*

A Letter of Challenge.

My wrongs are so many, that may no longer be digested; your trifles so idle, as I will hence-forth nibble them. For your words are but wind, and therefore I am weary of them. And if you be not in case (as I think you dare not) to maintain your Reputation, meet me in the Fields, in some fit place, where I may [illegible] with you on equal terms. There your Valour and Honour, and fail not your appointment, that the Sword may determine our wrongs, and the point of the Sword may put a period to our discourses. Thus having blown over an idle paper with a few last words of my intent, answer me as I expect, or hear of me as it will fall out, in haste,

Your Enemy till death, *T. P.*

The Answer.

What you have written to me, I return upon your self, as such to lose time in answer of such toleness. If you durst go alone,

I would go with you; but let it suffice that I know you have chosen mean but to visit you; but being a friend with you, and I am ready for you, come to my lodging as early as you will. And though I would be loth to break a sleep for you, yet I will take a little pains to meet you. As for the Field, the best call here by the place, where God and a good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrel; but I fear the event of those words will follow. Thus in, leaving further words, but being ever to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mind, T. W.

A Letter to a Friend for News.

Cousin, I know you that live abroad in the woods, cannot but hear of news every day; which you in the Country would be glad you and then to be acquainted with. Your leisure will make much reading, and for your kindness it shall not be unrequited. Some there must be meeting of many things, but little truth of any thing; much you can tell me, I doubt not, but I desire to learn. There is no speech among men, but Astronomers, that the moon in the Sun hath fallen in love with a Star; and seeking to climb the Clouds, was almost drowned in the water; and that the Outlaws in the Forest have spoiled a number of black Coneys; so that rabbets are grown so dear, that a poor man may be glad of a piece of Mutton. It is said here with us in these parts, that you in the City are much troubled with a new disease; I hope have reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in other places, [illegible] certifying you that I may shortly hear from you, I rest in mine affection,

Assuredly yours, R. C.

His Answer.

My good Cousin, to answer your kinde Letter, if there were anything here worth the writing, I would not have been so long silent. But such are the occurrences in these places, as are either not worth the hearing, or better concealed than uttered: For Love in youth is full of toyes; and Malice in Age is in malicious, that Virtue is hid in

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in corners, and there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the Man in the Moon, I leave him to wait on the Sun; but if he have a minde to any Star, I leave him to follow that Star-light. For his watry Element, since it is all in Clouds, let it passe in the Air, I will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

His Answer.

GOod Cousin, I finde your kindness above your [illegible] mistaking Paradise for Purgatory [illegible] of the minde, and the welfare of the heart, where [illegible] findes discretions contentment. [illegible] be regarded, in which sence I am pleased [illegible] and doute with Martia hath power to command, [illegible] ber. Wherein I fear not, and [illegible] seek no other fortune for the sum of [illegible] pulsion of evil, and the hope of [illegible] you are able to conceive, till you enjoy it that [illegible] lobe is the second blessedness of this life. [illegible] know not what to say to expect the perfection of this pleasure, which puts downe all idle imaginations; from which hoping to be removed when I see thee, till then and ever I rest,

Thine, as thou knowest, *D. E.*

A kinde Letter of a Creditor for Money.

SIr, I pray you take it not unkindly that I write thus earnestly unto you, for more necessity than hath hath [illegible] is not so much, as you well [illegible] ill Creditors by Land, make me [illegible] thete help in an extremity, yet [illegible] I was ready to lend [illegible] here that may countrole [illegible] discretion, but to correct [illegible] for mere [illegible] then use no more [illegible] of your self. [illegible] ther me. Time is precious, [illegible] determined, and to perhaps [illegible] to help me now, that I may be better [illegible] many thanks for your great favours [illegible] be deserved, I take my leave, [illegible] will rest in what I shall be able, ever to please you, to make you know how much I lobe you.

Your loving friend, *T. R.*

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The Debtors Answer.

SIr, your request is so reasonable, and your kindness so much, that for your sweet sister that you mention of the Bible, were it in time, I would send you credit, but for your own sake, that will not pay your debts, I am sorry for it, and wish you recovery by Law. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they have no mercy. Let me tell you, I am now much troubled with [illegible] and to ease me of it, I have sent you, [illegible] receive it, and in my Letter the day of payment; watch it, and remember you to make it good, I am glad I had it for you. Sober it fall out as it is to your own discretion, and so far he always assured of my love, that my hand and deed shall be all one in your behalf. Add to leaving ceremonious compliments, the unfeigned good will I rest always to my uttermost power,

Yours as my own, *L. W.*

A Letter of News.

TO perform my promise to my last Letter, my kind and best friend, you shall understand of such accidents as I hear are current and for truth. [illegible] are certain old people that [illegible] and [illegible] it down for a certain rule, that this year, [illegible] he that wants money in his purse, and a friend [illegible] in the Country and put [illegible] that [illegible] the rather than the rich, with [illegible] that he be [illegible] and [illegible] not let [illegible] and [illegible] will labour to [illegible] with [illegible] be [illegible] fall out [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] merry humour, I rest,

Thine what mine own, *P. R.*

The

The Answer.

Such title Prophets as you meet with, have such kind of matter as [illegible]

Yours as mine own, R. B.

A Letter perswading to Marriage.

Dear Cousin, I do not a little wonder at your solitary life, and [illegible] at best liberty when it is free from the bonds of love. But mine, let me entreat thee to make thy house a home, thy wife thy worlds love, and thy Children thy earths joys; which as I hope thou wilt be glad to have,

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have, I shall be glad to see: For good speed whereof, in hearty prayers I rest,

Your loving Cousin, *R. W.*

His Answer.

My kinde Cousin, I see that you are better read than experienced; for Batchelors Wives and Maidens Children are pretty things to play withal; but he that knows many dangers will take heed of all. A wife is an everlasting Sanctuary, which if it be not of the better nature, is a perilous thing to meddle withal: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to sore pain; and the Phenix is such a Bird, as if I must finde her in a Woman, I fear me I must seek a great way for her. For the Laws that you speak of, I yield to truth; but Love is so nice a humour, that he seldom settles in a place. For Bastards, I love not the breed, and better Children will do well when they come. For bed and board, and those tricks, let them joy in them that have them; when I finde time I will think of them: in the mean time, more at ease in my lodging with a friend, than perhaps I may be at home with a Wife, not foreseeing Marriage, nor posting to Purgatory instead of intended Paradise, wishing thy prayers for thy better happiness, than Lovers fidelness; and if I do marry, to be kindly matched, I rest,

Thine ever as mine own, *D. L.*

A Letter of unkindness upon the denial of a courtesie.

If my deserts had not exceeded my desire, I would have hated the nature of my humour, which loves nothing less than to be too much beholding. My request was not so much, and the grant but easie; howsoever for ill fashion, the excuse may be cunningly framed. But though I conceive unkindness in this course, I can rather grieve than be angry: I fear me mistrust my love till I be too sharp of my tongue, and make my self, though I be plain, lose his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tell you of my discontent, than to cover dissimulation, and to lose your better regard of my affection, which in denying a trifle, may take a greater benefit. But not to go too far in importunity, let me thus end to an end: Friendship once grounded, is not easily rejected; and therefore foreseeing assured of my love, bear with my dislike; and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requital of unkindness; for I can chide and not be angry, and better love you than tell you so. And so entreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest, all displeasure set apart,

Your loving friend, *N. S.*

His Answer.

YOur humorous kind of writing puts me to study for an answer: for you anger without cause may make cause of anger. You know you might command what I am, and will you have more? Conceit may be deceived, and so innocents abused; and suspicion of innocence hath the best part of difference. Quarrels are sole among friends, and therefore should be reserved till our meeting; when being your own arbiter, you may vote down all of your friend. Let us not then fall out without cause, nor be carried away with conceit: and as you know my nature commends my love, which is far from the thought to make a friend beholding, be not discontent with a denial, till you have better reason of displeasure; but measure me with your self, and you shall finde small cause of difference: if there be any, let kindness dispute it, reason counsels, and patience bear it; so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your self with this answer, till we meet to talk further of the matter, I conclude with your kindness, and rest ever,

Yours as you know, T. W.

A Letter to an unthanksul person.

I have heard that a Prince sometimes ordaining punishment of all offences, left ingratitude for the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough. The tale may well be true, considering the vileness of such a nature, as I think the like there not in the shape of man. Custard shall not only forget, but abuse my simplicity, and to make a monster of a tainted soul: I could not have believed it had not I found it. Yet shall remember I was Sloth you could leave the more easily to make a learned fellow: Custard be gone, I will learn to know the difference of so much villany, and as well warning friends from an Enemy, as further abuse all conference with so unthinking a friend: Am here thereby to tell you as I know you I regard you, and as I found you I leave you, as one for whom there lacked a Card to be put into the stock for a witless pate. And in fary pate take this for answer, that me no more to you, but with all the world that knows you to have you

Your Enemy from the heart. R. M.

His Answer.

HOw strangely men will write, whom impatience hath put out of order! A good turn is lost when it is cast into the receivers teeth, and abuse

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about misconstrued can hardly be well brooked. Consider better of it and to bone, than urging the meaning of a good friend, and [illegible] lies gate no need choler without [illegible] misery of this time. Against my [illegible] time to correct all vanity, [illegible] a shadow and a better substance. So leaving [illegible] and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to finde you [illegible] will be far enough from that you write, in spite of the Devil I commit you to God, and so I rest,

Your friend whether you will or no, *D. R.*

A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion of love, to a Maid.

AFter my hearty commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health, as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time is, that [illegible] GEORGE, I do hear since my coming from Greenfield, when you and I had what talk we had together at the Signe of the blue Cuckoe, and how you did give me your hand, and swear that you would not forsake me for all the world; and how you made me buy a Ring and a Heart, that cost me eighteen pence, which I left with you, and you gave me a Garter to wear in my hat, I thank you, which I will wear to my dying day. And I marvel, if it be true as I hear, that you have altered your mind, and are made sure to my neighbour [illegible] a far younger man, namely GARGERY, you do not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it; and I hope I shall live and if I never have you; for there are more Maids than GARGERY, and I count my self worth the twelfth after. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God.

From *Gallow-green.* Your true Love, *K. P.*

Her Answer.

TRuely ROGER, I did not look for such a Letter from your hands; I would you should know I scorn it. Have I gotten my Father and Mothers ill will for you, to be so used at your hands: I perceive and if you be so jealous already, you would be somewhat another day; I am glad I finde you, that you can believe any thing of me: but it is no

matter, I care not, ſend me my Napkin, and you ſhall have your Ring and your Heart, for I can have enough if I never ſee you more; for there are more Wenches than HOGGS, and my penny is as good ſilver as yours: And therefore ſeeing you are ſo lufty, even put up your pipes, for I will have no more to do with you; and ſo unſaying all that ever hath been ſaid between us, make your choice where you liſt, I know where to be beloved, and ſo I end.

From *Wakefield*. *M. R.*

From a Father to a Son, adviſing againſt ſuretiſhip.

MY Son, I hope ſo well of your diſpoſition, that you will not unkindly conceive of that which in love I write: for ſuch is the nature of my affection, as I had rather be underſtood in careful adviſing you for your good, than found winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am ſorry to hear, but would be more agrieved to believe, that you are very ready to ſubſcribe your Name under Wills and Obligations; by which, as well for your own idle expences, as to pleaſure others in hurting your ſelf, you begin to take up ſo faſt, that I fear you will be ſo low taken down, that you will hardly ever riſe again. Believe me, Son, Suretiſhip is a paſſive Enemy to a good Nature, which may ſooner pay thee, than receive one; and therefore among other things that I would have you to take heed of, let Suretiſhip be one of the chiefeſt. What you can ſpare your friend, deny him not; but as you love your liberty, beware of ſealing and delivering. Play is but loſs of time that might be better employed; for the gain is but ungracious, and the loſs is often grievous; and therefore uſe it little, and rather for company than pleaſure. Dancing I allow of, but let not your legs fling away your wit, in waſting your wealth; ſpend by meaſure, however your muſick make you dance. Be careful of thy ſpeech, thrifty in thy expence, wary of thy company, and jealous of thy friend: ſerve God, and fear not the Devil; what thou needeſt let me know, and in the care of my counſel let me ſee thy love; of which having no doubt, and therefore wiſhing thee all good, deſirous ſhortly to hear from thee, I reſt,

Your loving Father, *L. W.*

The Anſwer.

MY dear Father, far be it from my heart to have an unkind thought of ſo kinde a Father, in whoſe good advice reſteth the moſt part of my worldly happineſs. What you have heard, I beſeech you not to believe

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liebe of me. I babe ſeen in others ſo great miſchief and miſery to enſue upon ſuretiſhip, that I rather will forbear to write, than to ſubſcribe me ruined: For to ſee pay their own debts, and to many pay for others, till they babe nothing to pay for their own, that lobe keeps my friendſhip for that end, ſhall miſs of my lobe to another; and therefore fear not what you bear, but beliebe what I ſay. Touching plays, I lobe not to trouble my brain with ſolemnes, nor loſe time in the abuſe of hope. For dancing, as it is not an exerciſe that I do not miſlike, ſo it is not ſo much my delight, but I can rather leabe it than lobe it: but for my expences, fear not ſo much my little care of your charge, nor leſs regard of your lobe, in which, under Heaben, holding my Hearts chief happineſs, in prayer for your health and hearts eaſe, I take my leabe,

Your obedient Son, *T. W.*

To a familiar friend.

HAbing little matter wherewith to entertain your expectation, I babe been enforced to ſtudy for nothing. By this Bearer I know you look to bear from me; and to ſalute you with ſilence were a cold commendation: Let it therefore ſuffice to bear of my health, and the good paſſages of all the proceedings touching your Law cauſes; wherein if my lobe faint in labour, I will leabe to be my ſelf. Ere it be long I ſhall babe occaſion to come near you, when a few miles ſhall not be much out of my way to ſee you; when, if your Falcons be in tune, I ſhall be glad to ſee a flight. So ſoon as conbeniently you may, I pray you let me bear from you; and if you come to the Town, let my houſe be your Inne; where making your own welcome, I hope we ſhall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer than I would be, I commend my lobe to your kindneſs, and ſo reſt aways,

Your aſſured loving friend, *M. P.*

The Anſwer.

HE that hath his wits at commandment, needeth little to ſtudy; and therefore being prohibed of invention, a little matter will ſerbe the turn. If of nothing you make ſo much, what would you do with a little more? Thus I write, to meet with your humour, which in ſilence ſpeaks more, than he lobe talks too much to leſs purpoſe. In brief, for your kind Letter I thank you, for your care of my buſineſs I will babe care of you, and for your ſelf onely I lobe you. If you babe occaſion to come down, uſe my houſe as your own. My Faulcon hath killed a Partridge,

tridge, but of they knowe I have made no voyage, but when you come you shall see that I have not forgotten [illegible] time, glad to hear of your health, the continuance whereof I hear-tily pray for, hoping ere long as conveniently I may to see you, that we may fry a Conie with our own bones for a fat mutch. Pa-bing nothing els materiall at present worthy to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend, C. K.

To a familiar Friend.

EIther Paper is scant, your Affairs are great, or your Spirit is lazie, that in so many weeks I have not heard from you, so much as how you do. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to hear, that either lack of health or liberty be not the cause of your silence; pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to ease the trouble of imagination; and in a sufficient excuse for my thoughts at quiet; which being ouer clouded through doubt of your health, I have sent this bearer on purpose to you, whom I beseech you in all loue return to me with all speed. Betus we have none worth the writing, and therefore undoing your Spirit desirous not to be troubled with toys, in that hearty love as holds you as dear as my life, desiring no greater worldly comfort, than in the continual enjoying of your happy company, hoping shortly to see you here, which can be no sooner than long wished, and shall be ever most welcome, in the undeigned affection of a true friend, I rest,

Yours as mine own, N. B.

The Answer.

I Perceive it is true, that I have often heard, that love is not without jealousie, but as fearful of hurt, as careful of good. But to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know, my health is as you left it, I thank God for it: my affairs are not much, but I could salute my friend; nor my spirit so lazie, but I could write a Letter to my so much beloved: and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last week I wrote to you by your Fathers Waggon, who I marvel hath not delivered it ere this time. In that Letter you shall finde my minde touching your suit in Court, which I fear, if it be tedious, will prove more chargeable than commodious; but observing a good course, a good opportunity may be prosperous. In my Letter I have

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have written at full unto you, wherein I hope you will clear all imputation of any fault in my silence, and expect my coming down ere it be long: In the mean time, with hearty thanks for all kindness, without any further needless complement, I rest,

Yours as my own, *R. B.*

A Love-Letter.

FAirest Mistris, if upon so small conference words may have credit, me thinks that true honest favour shall command more of my service; for such is the uncorrupted affection to which I have devoted my self to your employment, that if there be a Heaven in this world, I will seek that Paradise but in your kindness. I think not that I need with Eloquence to creep in your good opinion; for I had rather be, than seem to be, him that you will I shall be, for such being your worthiness, of far more honour than the service of my affection, unfeigned not his truth who voices the thought of entertainment, and imploring no greater happiness than in the bondage of your commandment, for holding that you being fashioned by you, I cannot be happy but in you. To court you with flattery, is too common a folly, and to serve your kindness with a consort of baseness; but to show your service, let it be the duty of love, which from your heart to my eyes be a messenger of my true thoughts; who with all their might to my uttermost power, have conjured me with true service.

Loves onely and wholly, *H. W.*

The Answer.

[illegible] to show your kindness, [illegible] as unfeigned, as is a fruit [illegible] service might be [illegible] your affection [illegible] fashion being not, and a [illegible] be deceived; [illegible] your commandment [illegible] truth [illegible] implied [illegible] the more happy. For my self, I will think the best, till I find the contrary; but to avoid the worst, blame me not to be careful: A good beginning, with a better proceeding, promiseth a blessed ending; which wishing you in all these courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, having occasion of your employment, fit a friendly title of commandment,

mandment, ready to acquit that kindneſs that is ſo honourable in conſtruction, I reſt as I finde cauſe,

Your loving friend, *M. R.*

To a familiar Friend.

HAving ſo fit a meſſenger, I could not let him paſs without ſome remembrance of my love unto you; wherein if I may any ways pleaſure you, I will be readier to perform it than ſpeak it. Touching ſuch things as you wrote unto me by the Carrier, I have taken ſuch order for them, as I hope will be to your content; not a little glad that I had ſo good an opportunity to ſpeak with the parties ſo ſoon upon your Letter: I aſſure you I found them as tractable as you could wiſh. I have ſtaid all cauſes till your coming to Town, when, I hope to bring all matters to a good end. I have ſent you by this bearer a runlet of Sack, I hope not of the worſt; howſoever it be, I wiſh it better than it is: I pray you take it in good part, and write me word how you like it, that I may either thank my Vintner, or change him. Seems here are none, but old or falſe; and therefore onely wiſhing you all happineſs, with my hearty commendations to your ſelf, and to your good Bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty.

London, this 10 of *April* 1678. Your loving friend, *I. W.*

An Anſwer.

I Have received your kinde Letter and friendly Token, for both which, with many other good favours, I moſt heartily thank you: And for the care of my buſineſs, be you aſſured it ſhall not be forgotten. I will be at LONDON if I can within this moneth, when you ſhall rule me in all things as you liſt. I am glad you have to deal with them, and hope of your good means to have peace after a long war. If it had not been for my Ague, I had with both you the laſt week: but almoſt as I am ſound I intend to ſee you: in the mean time in requital of your Sack I have ſent you a fat Doe; which if it prove like your Venſon, I am ſure it will paſs with commendations: as it is, I commend it to your kindneſs, and my ſelf to your contemplations. And ſo praying of your good health, which I pray for as mine own, with thanks to your wife for my kind entertainment of late, for which I have ſent her a pound of pepper ſince ſhe wrote to me for; ready in what may lie in my power to pleaſure either any one, or both of you as one, I take my leave at this time, but reſt always,

Gawthorpe, *April*, 1678. Your poor friend, *M. R.*

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A Letter of love to a fair Mistris.

Sweet Lady, If the reach of my capacity could climb the hope of your favour, it should be a strange piece of [illegible] your Commandement: but when I think of your sweetness, and then behold mine own unworthiness, I [illegible] that thought, and dare scarce mention of my love. [illegible] respect whereof in all true grace, [illegible] fear of displeasure, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

my heart that I have done as I have done, sending thee twenty kisses by my Sister PARNEL, and this bowed Groat for a Love-token, I rest,

Yours from all the world, *R. O.*

Her Answer.

O ROGER, the World is well amended: I thought you were misused, to write to me as you did; but friends are here so far out, but they may be as far in again; and therefore since it was against your will, I forgive you with all my heart; and let my Cousin do his worst, I will not go from my word. On Friday I will meet you at ten of the Clock, and bring you a piece of Bacon in my Pocket, to relish a cup of Ale, when it shall go hard, if all hit right, but some body shall hoop their Pots for their knavery. And so ROGER, hoping that you will no more abuse me as you have done, to believe lies and tales of me, till you know the truth, treading all unkindness under foot, I rest with all my heart, as I was and will be ever,

Yours as you know, *M. R.*

From a Yeoman in the Country to his Son in *London*.

SOn, you know what charges I have been at with you, as well in bringing you up to LONDON, as in furnishing you for your preferment; all which I hope you will have such a care of, that I shall not think any thing lost that I have done for you. In any wise fear God, please your Master, and be careful of such things as you are put in trust with: be rather an example of good than of evil, and have patience with all things, whatsoever you are crost in your expectation. Beware of evil company, and pride, and drunkenness: take heed of following fair women. I shall be glad to hear well of you, and as I see you thrifty, you shall finde me kind. Your Master is an honest man, and a good trade is gainful; but I hope I need not be too earnest in admitting thee for thy welfare. God who hath created thee, I hope will bless thee, that I shall have joy of thee; and for my self, with my blessing, I have sent thee here inclosed a token of my love; use it to thy good: shortly, God willing, thou shalt hear further from me; in the mean time and ever, I rest,

Your loving Father, *T. N.*

An Answer of the Son to his Father.

MY good Father, I have received your kinde Letter and Token, for which I humbly thank you: and for such things as you wish me to,

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have care of, be you assured I will not be unmindful of. For my Sister, I thank God he putteth me in trust more than I will speak, and letteth me to know, that I were a Jew if I should deceive him: but my Sisters is so perilous a woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her, but all the house may learn patience of my Mother; and therefore I will feed her humour, and let her have her saying. For Women, when I mean to wive, I will take choice; and for that commonty, I hope God will bless me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore fear not, I hope one day to give you cause to think all well bestowed that you have or will lay out for me. I have sent you by this Wearer a Pauking bag, my Mother a pair of Gloves, and my Sister a Girdle. My Master hath him heartily commended to you, and to my Mother, and desires you to send him a good Cheese, which he will requite: He hath sent my Mother a pound of Sugar, and giveth her thanks for her fine Puddings. This is all that at this time I have to write unto you; and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health and long life, with my humble duty to you, and my good Mother, and commendations to all my friends, I commit you to the Almighty.

London. Your loving Son, *V. N.*

To a Wife in the Country.

GOod Wife, in all kindness I commend me to thy self, assuring thee that I think it long till I have dispatched my business in and am come home again; but I hope of good success in my suit: the Term cannot doth warrant my cafe clear. Upon Friday next I shall have a final, which I doubt not will go on my side; if it do not, my thought is nothing. For I thank God I can live without it, though I would be loth to lose it. My health I thank God I have well, and pray for the same to thee and thine. I pray you send me up twenty pounds by this Wearer with all speed, and within five days after the dispatch of my business expect my coming down: In the mean time, like my little Babes for me, so room with thy self, I send my hearts hoping commendations; and so in haste I commit thee to the Almighty.

London. Your very loving Husband, *E. T.*

Her Answer.

SWeet heart, your Messengers haste makes me briefer than otherwise I would be. My good dispatch of your business I hope, and

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Your very loving Wife, M. T.

A Letter upon ordinary Causes.

SIr, I do gather by some that hath came from those that of a true affection to you are wish unto your welfare; if it be true, and that you lie there for any time, I pray you fail not to buy me a quarter of Beef, as much Haberdine, and other Fish, such as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly; what you lay out, you shall upon your Letter have paid here in London to whom you shall direct it. I have sent you down by the Carrier a piece of broad Cloth, the same colour whereof you wrote unto me; I am assured, that it is a friend, unto my hearty commendations, and the Almighty.

Your loving friend, M. B.

The Answer.

SIr, your Letter and piece of Cloth I have received, for which I [illegible] for which you shall receive Money by my Cousin [illegible], when it please you to send unto him: but for the Fishermen, indeed they put in for a night, but in the Morning the wind came fair, and they put to Sea again: so that except a few Ling that they bestowed upon our Slaves and Apprentices, for some fresh victual that they had from us, there was little bought here at this time: but we [illegible] I will not fail to befriend you to

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your Content in the mean time, without any good occasion wherein I might require your kindness, so pray for your health and hearts ease, I commit you to God.

Yarmouth, this 15 day of *May*, 1678. Yours assured to command, *T. D.*

A Letter to a Friend to dispatch business.

I Am loth to entreat your kindness, to stead me in what you may touching the purchase of the Mills and Hop-gardens; for which if your Friend will take more pains, I am for him, or else I must openly renounce the memory of my Father, that I have reserved onely for that use. I am offered great penny-worths in others places; but the Air pleaseth me well about that house, and the little Trouts in the Brooks have made me have a great minde to dwell thereabouts: if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you; if not, let me know his minde, and I am satisfied: for to tell you the truth, I would have it, though it cost me more than it is worth. And so entreating you to do me what good you can herein, for which you shall not finde me unthankful, I rest,

Your loving friend, *J. W.*

The Answer.

I have read your Letter, and am glad of this Occasion, whereby I understand your humble meaning touching the buying of the two Mills and Hop-gardens, but I cannot bring it to pass, that they may under the sum whereupon he tells me you have in a manner agreed: The man is hard, but very honest, and the Land good; and therefore unto the Mouth; the Soil is pleasant, and there are good Rods of Pasture: besides, the Water is not far off, whereby your Hops may be carried easily from the City upon a small charge in the time your occasion; the price you see, and me you may command; but time should not be observed, for there are many about it: and therefore looking to your direction either to take it or refuse it, which assurance of my help to the utmost of my power, either in this, or what else may pleasure you, I always rest,

Yours as you know, *T. D.*

A Letter of Love betwixt *Rinaldo* and *Lorina*.

Fairest of the world, and fairest of the earth, the beauty of whose eyes must be set to admiration, and the bottom of whose government commands the honour of loves service; Who should my amazed spirit

spirit hope of power to presume near the happiness of your favour: No, Fortune is my ever known enemy, and desert must take place in a higher reach than the longest arm of my unworthiness: yet let me not be so deprived of reason, that I may not look into the nature of Vertue, where Honour in kindness makes Beauty angelical; but in the humility of affection, to offer the employment of my service; in which if I fail the expectation of your affection, upon the commendation of insufficiency, let disgrace be my deadly punishment, where in the Labyrinth of sorrow I may languish all my days; but if the Fates be not so froward to cross the endeavours of my duty, be you gracious unto love, that hath wholly chosen me your servant: with which title if I may be honoured, I will seek no other colours of my content. But fearing your unknown occasions of affairs, I will not be tedious to your patience, but rest ever in my love,

Your avowed, though not allowed, servant, *Rinaldo*.

The Answer.

WIttiest of a hundred, and craftiest of a thousand, whose eloquence like enchantment, would take prisoner a weak judgement: How should my simple capacity conceive the drift of your advice: Fortune is but a fiction, and therefore it is no matter for her friendship, while desert hath power in the preferment of duty, and love in vertue gives an honour to beauty; where, if reason be careful, affection may be joyful: But leave Angels to the Heaven, and take heed of Devils upon Earth, which under the Cloak of humility hide the Head of Ambition. Perfection hath no affinity with Corruption; and what the Heavens determine, the world must endure. But in flattery of my perfection you have deceived my expectation; who imagining you false, am sorry to see the contrary: And if I might be Judge, the Law should quickly have its course; where dissimulation appearing, should be condemned to perpetual disdain: but hoping better of your honour, than to wrong the simplicity of belief, let the patience of affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of sorrow to the Mountain of that bliss, whose Vertue may give you grace: to the attainment whereof, leading your thoughts to their best issue, I rest as I may,

Your friend, *Lorina*.

A Reply.

THe high honour of your vertue, that from the merit of your graces flieth through the world so far beyond Fame, as makes her amazed

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of her wonder, so dampeth the power of my spirit, that as an eye which is beholding the Sun, twinkleth with the Lids for fear to lose the sight; so the humble eye of my Heart, that in beholding the bright Beams of your sunny Beauty, trembling in fear for presumption to lose the life of loves hope, submitteth it self to the will of that power, which in pity may save, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the Feet of your favour both lays the height of his felicity. Shew therefore the heavenly nature of that Sex, which may purchase you worthy honour. Take not pleasure in destruction, that may be gracious in comfort; but lead the Heart by your Eye, that hateth the light, but in your love; where in the glass of cleared grace, truth may see her beauty unspotted: and honour in truths service crabs but the entertainment of employment: to which time shall conform that care shall ever conclude. My thoughts shall be onely honoured in your services, and my love ever happy in your Commandment: in hope whereof, if I may, I will rest,

Yours ever, *Rinaldo.*

Her Answer.

THe low course in lobes comfort that you take to lead you into my liking, is too far from the nature of good desert; that I know not whether silence were a fit answer to idleness, or reprehension a just reward for indiscretion: and therefore in doubt what to do, pardon me if I do not as I would; for although wisdom would admit no cause of danger, yet courtesie is such a Law in nature, as is too great a friend to love. Yet if I could chide and not be angry, I could wish you leave a creeping-climbing, lest you be thought a baser creature than may stand with the honour of your condition. Leave a twinkling eye to owly sights, and figure not the Sun in the cypher of a shadow: nor presume farther than you may safely without fear; but in submission use that discretion that may maintain the reputation of affection, and be perswaded that virtue cannot be vicious, neither folly run upon destruction. Further is hateful to nature, and love is the joy of reason: what then should trouble a good spirit that is possessed of no ill humour, but in the resolution of honour to build the hope of his happiness, and white colours are fittest for [illegible] to march under the Ensigne of truth; where in the field of [illegible] conquers the victory: to the treat of which service, beholding the happy event of your adventures, I rest as I may,

Your poor friend, assured, *Lorina.*

A familiar Letter to a Friend in the Country.

HOw near ingratitude [illegible] should make part, [illegible] worthy Letters: and [illegible] as you left them, [illegible] Christmas Treates; [illegible] want of your company, [illegible] the lusty spirits of [illegible] than their own will, [illegible] would be more pleasing: and to tell you truth, [illegible] better friends, I should be forced to [illegible] Library, though but little, stands me in much good stead; in which if there be any Book that may pleasure you, I pray you make use of it: and so soon as you well may, let me entreat you return, and till then your often writing, that we may joy in your health, which, as I hope of, I daily pray for. News here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether uncertain what to believe, till I have further certain intelligence, I will crave pardon at this time, and rest always,

Your assured friend, *M. T.*

His Answer.

IN reading your Letter, than which nothing but your self can be more welcome; methinks I see the meeting of two Lovers in a morning, who surely dreaming of each other in their sleep, [illegible] came out with a Kinde of wonder, O Lord, how [illegible] yesternight: so may I say to you. It is not a [illegible] together, and shall we fear silence for so little a [illegible] I say: it is a pleasant humour to solicite [illegible] to continue quietness; which fortune [illegible] can work in Night of absence: let them [illegible] Lakes, and the better natures [illegible] I will not make the jealous of my love [illegible] most sweet companions; and [illegible] though I love them, yet I will not [illegible] understanding soleit [illegible] I thank God I need no Physick; and for my Purse, it hath been enough for letting my Money grow rusty; and for my Mind, to tell you the truth, it is with God and thee, with whom I hope to be shortly; till when, and then, and ever, I rest,

Yours what mine own, *N. B.*

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A Letter of the Father to his Son at the University.

My dear Son, as nothing can joy the heart of a [illegible] the assurance of a loving Child, so can there be nothing [illegible] than a forward spirit of an ungracious Son. I [illegible] knowing you years and understanding able to digest the [illegible] my desire, which in sum is my joy in thy good. For let me [illegible] my estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my [illegible] advancement; to which Learning being a [illegible] I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit in both [illegible] as with the blessing of God may fatten thy preferment. [illegible] tell thee, that I hear thy diligence doth not answer my [illegible] would gladly with it otherwise; but I hope a kinde admonition will suffice to touch a good nature, and therefore will rather hope the best than doubt the contrary: and in the love of a Father, let me entreat thee to avoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an Enemy than a Friend. The Feminine Sex are dangerous to affect; for as they will be a loss of time, so with the nuzzance of many they will procure expence. [illegible] circle of thy youth I admit for the health; but let [illegible] be in the learning, else both thou never be a good Scholar; for [illegible] the best Masters here of Art and knowledge, [illegible] makes understanding gracious. And therefore [illegible] poor or otherwise, but the careful nurse of [illegible] for thine own good; and in praying to God for [illegible] to bless thee, with my hearts love, to the [illegible]

Your loving Father, H. N.

An Answer of the Son to the Father.

After the duties of humble duty, my good Father, I have received your most kinde and loving Letter, in which how much joy I have received, I cannot express, fearing rather your fatherly remorse, than doubting admonition; but God himself, who can, both more move in some natures with a kinde chiding, than in some other both many stripes. I think you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore thus kindly touch me more of unadvisedness: for which how much I do humbly thank you, I hope my care of your comfort in time shall pleasingly tell you: therefore for what ill you have heard, grieve not; and of the good you may hear, doubt not: and believe me, for I will not abuse your trust, what vanity soever I have seemed to affect, my Book hath been the spirits of my love, in which how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the ef-

ſect of Gods bleſſing; but about the which, how dangerous are divers ſtudies to the underſtanding of ungracious ſpirits, I would it were not known in any, and I pray God that none may know it in me. My preferment I leave to Gods pleaſure, who beſt knows how to diſpoſe of his ſervants; and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience. Your health, as the onely happineſs, I pray for: mine own moderate eſtate, with abſtinence from excels, both hold Gods bleſſing hold me in good ſtate: and for the Feminine ſex, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them than be acquainted with them; for I allow of your opinion touching them: and ſo hoping that ere long you ſhall receive as much content of my courſes, as you have ever doubted the contrary, in the duty of my humble love, I take my leave for this time, but reſt always,

Your dutiful Son, *K. N.*

To his dear and onely beloved Miſtriſs, *Suſan Pearl.*

Sweeteſt of my thoughts, and deareſt of my love; if reaſon had the power to expreſs the nature of the paſſion, I am perſwaded that the eye of the beauty would vouchſafe a little look upon the heart of my love, which continually languiſhing in the doubt of my affection, deſireth not to live, but in confidence of the kindneſs. Loth I am with ceremonious eloquence to make oſtentation of truth, and yet an honeſt heart ſhould be ſet in pure gold. Gods forbid it not fine ſpirits; and for your ſelf, I will ever honour than flatter you: and if I may ſerve you, I will do well deſerve of you, that I will lay the hope of my worſer happineſs upon the honour of your favour. Setting aſide all care of other contentment, I have bequeathed my life to your love; in which, if I fail in the truth of your truſt, let me receive the reward of your diſgrace, which is more direful than death can be. Let me but entreat your admiſſion of my ſervice, belief of my love, and regard of my truſt; which, be it in deed or in fancie, ſhall have no reſt but in your pleaſure. What ſhall I ſay, but time is precious, and delayed patience in ſuiting is moſt grievous? Reaſon therefore, I beſeech you, the hope of my reſt in the happineſs of your commandment, and let no cloud of miſtruſt bar me the light of your love, whoſe being on the earth too onely bright ſtar that reaſons me to the worſer heaven, let me live as in death, till I may receive in both comfort: in hope whereof, and deſire of which, laying the hand of my fortune at the feet of your honour, I reſt with little reſt, till I may fully and wholly reſt,

Yours all, or mine own nothing at all, *T. L.*

FINIS.

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A POST WITH A PACQVET OF LETTERS.

Newly Imprinted.

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A POST
WITH
PACQUET

To the READER.

Reader, I know not what you are, and therefore cannot well tell what to say; onely thus at adventure: If you be wise, you will not play the Fool, in scoffing at that which perhaps may deserve a better countenance: If you be not wise, I can but pray for your better understanding: howsoever you be, I will hope the best of you, that you will think of my Work as it deserves, which is as much as I desire. If you get any good by it, thank me for it; if hurt, thank your self for your abuse of that might serve you better. This is all I can and will at this time say unto you: My intent was to pleasure many, and you may be one of them; and to hurt none at all, therefore not you. So leaving my Book to your liking; as it falleth out, I rest, as I have reason,

Your Friend.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

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A POST
With a PACQUET of LETTERS.

A Letter between the Knight *R. M.* and the Lady *E. R.*

SWeet should be that Spirit, which through the instinct of love understandeth the silence of truth, whose Tongue is the Heart, whose words are sighs, in which are hidden the secret fruit of those trees that only grow in the Paradise of Reason. Vouchsafe then, fair Eye, more bright than the Sun-beams, with one insolent glance of your Graces favour, to bless this rude and unworthy Paper; the which if it hath made you any way offended, in the fire consume it; but if through the power of the Fates, or the effect of your kindness, it may do you the least pleasure, let him be metamorphosed to more than nothing, that should be any thing but that Letter, during your reading, or ever any other thing than at your pleasure in your service; for that under Heaven having no course of comfort but in my thought, that shall lack sweetness in either sense: So looking for no felicity but in the men of the Spirit, which is in the admiration of honour, in humility of love I rest,

Yours devoted to be commanded, *R. M.*

Her Answer.

WIsdom might well appear in that Heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that Spirit, that with the figures of love describes the sense of simplicity; which not suspecting evil, finds seldom other substance. So my Lord, how to the title made a shadow of deceit, while in seeking of Paradise, fully falls into Hell? yet not to wrong any creature, hoping may be the that makes Faith his Deity, and pardoned by that [illegible] his Masters message: then let sighs be buried in the secrets of [illegible], while Silence understandeth that heavie [illegible]; and in the [illegible] whose part is most felt and best, let that Letter burned that offends me least pleasure. So assuring my will, that if from the Sea of the Spirit you pass without a Feather, either the figure will be a Cypher, or the fancy Affection. So leaving your thoughts to a settled issue, I rest, affectionately,

Yours in what I may, *E. R.*

His

His Reply.

UNworthy should that heart be of the least of lobes happiness, that can habe power to gibe place to the poyson of deceit: and more than miserable were the life that to Hell makes such a passage. O blessed creature! do not think the World to be the Cabe of the accursed, nor do a wrong to lobe in the suspition of truth. Simple Faith hath no fear, and true lobe cannot fain; but if silence be the onely answer of expectation or comfort, hope in obscureness must seek the happiness of desire: but let Fancy be a Cypher, when Faith knows no fiction; but let your fabour be the Feather in the Nest of my honours Phenix: which till I may kindly receibe, I shall in the Sun-beams of your bertue consume to the ashes of discomfort: in which, commending the sum of my life to the true and honourable service of lobe, I rest,

Yours what mine own, *R. M.*

The Answer.

UNgratious is that spirit, that through suspition of deceit doth injury to lobe; and blessed is that fancy that lives onely by Faith: sweet is the War, where kindness ends the quarrel; and little the hurt, where hope is a most present and ready help: In brief, they are blinde travellers, that in seeking to finde Heaben, go to Hell: and if Lobe be him that he hath life in assurance; let it then suffice you to finde the end of desert, where Desire exceeds not limits of Reason. So in the nature of that honour, that gibes bertue her best grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I rest as I habe occasion to equal honour in true affection,

Yours as I finde cause, *E. R.*

A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like familiar.

HOnestly, I hope I am in the right, except the great Wind habe blown clean away your best wit. Give me leabe, Sir, of your leabe, to tell you that I lobe you; and let I should grow deaf, I would be glad to hear of you: and therefore habing a fit messenger, I thought it not amiss to write; not for any thing I habe to say, but that when I think of you, you should see I will not forget you: For though complements are but idle, yet they make words instead of other matter. But to the purpose; you shall understand, that at the writing hereof, a sudden occasion of business made me make an end ere I begun; and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not

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not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to think what you list, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, assoon as conbenientlÿ you can, I may meet with you when and where it shall please you: for, as you know, I am for you in all kindness to suit you; and so to him that made you, ever to bless and keep you, with my hearty commendation, I leave you.

Yours what mine own, *N. B.*

An Answer to the same.

MErry Gzig, I am sure I am not in the wrong, except the Suns radiant beams have dried up your brains since I left you: let me, for I will tell you, and in my lobe I out-leaped you, and will not be idle as not to answer you, that my senses do not so fail me, but that I understand you; and having no better company, would be glad to be troubled with you: for you have not a kinde thought wherein I do not quarrel with you, whether is of more force in the nature of true friendship; whereas because Fortune favours few fools this year, we must tarry longer to play our game, but never too late to go to an ill bargain: for now we talk our Purses take no hurt; but when the Term comes, that we may joyn issue in our Cause, I fear the Kings-head in Fish street will finde us two good Clients. But all is well that ends well, except it were bad in the beginning, as I think by this my Letter: for being troubled with I'll not tell you what, lest it should make you think I care not what I have written, what you may read; and as you be cause, either to reply with impatience, or let it rest with a Non-plus: and so not doubting you to be your self, and to put me in the number of your self, I rest to your self and my self,

One always yours, *H. W.*

A Reply to the last Letter for some News.

IF you were as wise as I could wish you, I could take a little pains to write unto you; and yet for that you understand your self, I care not if I trouble you with a little folie. [illegible] at the signe of the Bobby-horse, [illegible] ther by the ears with a Piper; to that end [illegible] ter-candlesticks set in for the Mozris-dance, [illegible] spoiled. But when the Game had gone round, [illegible] well warmed, their Legs grew so nimble, that their [illegible] than their Heads. But in this cold time, [illegible] beloved were casting Sharps eyes at a Coos head, [illegible] denly through the street, the Fox hard hid a tame Goose; at the sudden

notice hereof the multitude were so feared, that all the Mozels-bearers there present, and the Fool run home to your Lodge: but because the Duke wants both of him to our sport, I pray you keep him not too long from us. And so for lack of better present occasions, content your self with such News as the times afford you; hereafter you may have better: when, and always, I rest, as you know,

Yours, N. B.

An Answer to the News.

IF you were not more than half mad, you would not have danced such a Frenchmoze with your little wife; but yet since I guess it is about the full of the Moon, I will hope shortly of your amendment. In the mean time let me advise you to take patience to your understanding, to direct you in a better course: for when you awaked out of your Dream, you saw no body but the man that you thought was running in Lumbard-street, he was putting you on a Coat with four Capitals. For Jesu-Mary sir, I think, is troubled with you in her Cream-pot: but for the Gentlewoman, alas, he hath forgot your turn, and therefore you must be sure to make repair to our market; I think it will be a Beggars day, but it is a naughty world do not crave the Nightingale, you must hear some Country ruffler about your Meadow-plot, and at the least you shall hear the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black Ouzel with the cherry cheek under the line of the pide Cow; Come live with me and be my love: you know the rest; and so I rest,

Thine what mine own, *H. W.*

Another Reply.

O Babe DUNCE, leave me not behinde you: you play the Marchant all the week, and make all whole upon the Holy-day; you would be angry if you could tell how: and yet having the Cards in your hand, you cannot skill but turn up the Knave: the matter is not great, I confess that hurted my Coat, perh-aps you may a Jackanapes-coat, for counterfeiting Jack-an-Apes. I could make you a Jest, but I will not, for acquainting you with his inventions, but to a better purpose: my neighbour and your good friend has a welcome in store for you, and his eldest daughter would make you both a Husband and a Barber: her word you know, and her deed I hope to be blithe. I should be glad of your good fortune, and for you I could play well at Me you pleased; and so much for the confirmation. Now for News, I hear none of late, but that the Baylif of our humbled Burg had a mischance: his mule taking a blow that ne-

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ber smarted, he hath a pain in his Head that cannot be cured: for having no other Plaister than Patience, is resolved to make good cheer with his friends; finding himself alone, is content to make merry with good fellows. This is all for this time, and so in haste I end.

Yours, N. B.

An Answer.

When wit goes a wool-gathering, the Thread of it may be fine if it be well spun. I see you have little to do, that have so much leasure to play your Fury-pups. If I could part you right, I would be you a penny-worth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt; and though I play at Cards, I will not take the Card out of your hand; for I know not how you can spare him. [illegible] Gamesters to their tricks, and Jack-an-apes to his Monkey, let me tell you, that for your neighbour, you are so near him, that I need not to trouble him; and for his wealth and her worth, you know best enough what to do between them. For my self, I love not to [illegible] Constable in the company of those fellowships: but yet not [illegible] myself among the rest, for better fortune than my [illegible] in company with my self. I will also [illegible] Parish of the Sinners may finde the way among [illegible] to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of [illegible] den business, I will here conclude for this time, and always rest,

Yours, H. W.

To my honourable good Lord, my Lord *Marasi*.

Right honourable, to express unto your good Lordship the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better do it than by this [illegible] for many good parts fitting your Honours pleasure, I can well commend to your honourable entertainment. For as good Masters are [illegible] Servants, so have servants are choice treasures; for a little [illegible] found, [illegible] can bear up. Fury above the Clouds [illegible] runs a course of a more certain temper; and so I hope [illegible] Servant, whose wit and Conscience take they counsel in his actions, that the judgement of good experience hold him worthy good account. For my self, lest I should be partial, I will leave his praise to your proof; and in hope of your contentment, onely entreat your entertainment. Shortly I hope to see you still [illegible] him more praise than my pen. I will leave his qualities to your [illegible] & his service to your favour; and so [illegible]

Your assured friend in [illegible] N. B.

To my loving Cousin *T. W.* Justice of Peace.

WOrthy Sir, I would be glad to write you news of the dispatch of your business, but yet it will not be; for Lawyers being full of Clients, cannot answer all men at once: and therefore considering your matter is a case of more conscience than gain, I must attend the leisure of your Counseller; who as he is wise, I doubt not but will prove honest, and then a little time will be well born with, that brings a good hour at the last. Your Adversary is full of money, and trudging up and down like a Fox; but I hope instead of a Goose, he will be choak'd with a feather. Take you no fear or care of it: for I doubt not but to effect it to your content: and so much for your law-business. Now for other matters; the occurrents of time are either so frivolous or dangerous, that I think silence better blamed than babled: for though there be field Partridges, yet there be many Setters here in this Town, who listen for prey, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and undo the foolish; and therefore I had rather be silent with the Nightingale till May, than prate like a Cuckoe out of season. Yet for that you shall not think me fearful of Sparrow-blasting, I will write you a little news: Leaves is like to yield a great commodity; for there is not an Usher or a Captain but will be at his table to them, and using it as a moving-horn to draw on a pot of beer. Poetry also is more common than good, and yet dear enough, it is to be taken up with the Drunken Crew. Lotteries were well hoped, and yet belike prove great Leasers, there are some lookers now and then. Painting was never so common, and pretty cheap. And for women, some go like Antichs, some like Maskers, some proudly sober, and some like carelets resolution, but some few like Angels; but they are too high for men, and therefore I will leave them to higher powers. Now men are as in time past; if young, hardly wise, though witty: if aged, wise: if wealthy, served and honoured; if poor, at least scorned, if not worse used: if wise, perhaps employed: if foolish, baffled. This, I say, for the most part, for some time, for some cause, both youth and age, and poverty, and folly finds much mittal; but for that this is rather an old conversation, than any new matter, I will end my long Letter with new expiring love; and so in hope of your health, commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Cousin, *W. R.*

To the right Honourable his good Lord, the Lord *W. H.*

RIght Honourable, your Nobleness never ceased to bind my service to your kindness, which hath made me at this instant to presume a little upon your good favour: So it is, my good Lord, that I am shortly to

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to bestow a Daughter of mine in marriage upon a Gentleman of some worth: and according to our custome, Friends must be feasted, when a Party of Mention is a grace to the whole Feasts. Your Pastime shall much pleasure me, and as often hereafter, gave me no little cause to be thankful. My estate is not great, but my love is so assured, as wherein I may better be that I cannot requite; I will tell of my hope, but I will discharge some part of my debt: and so not doubting your favour to this my first for a Guest; desiring God to adde happiness to you good health, I humbly take my leave.

Your Honours in all humbleness, *R. S.*

To his dear friend, Mr. *F. R.* at his Lodgings in the *Temple*.

My noble friend, you wrote of late to me for my opinion of your intent, and advice for your course; which two points I will touch as truly and as fully as I can. Your intent is to leave your Study, and first to Court, and then to Arms: but what hath altered your intent so sodenly, to fall upon an intent so strange courses? For your Books presently intreat of those things which you may now find disquiet in passing too much. For touching your first course, is it not better to read of Princes, than to carry their Crosses? You cannot feel their burthen except you have their cares. How full of perils are their pleasures? yea, how many instruments of mischief doth the Devil send into the world, to cross the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heaven? and if they be enabled to their own Works, how safe is it to be far from their Court? Good leading your Princes to Gods blessing, and others to his amendment, go a little to his Counsel. Oh! how great are the weight of their charges? and how many the natures of their troubles? who if they all be of one minde, and as it were one body of many members, yet sometime a Toe, or a Finger, a Hand, or an Arm, a Limb, or an Eye, a Tongue, or an Ear, may perhaps be out of temper, and so that all the body may be out of frame. May their wits are great through experience of place, and their powers great in the terme of favour; yea when all when experience is put to a new study, providence must try the power of wit with no little trouble: and when power rests upon favour, what is the fear of fortune? And further, is not the care of a Commonwealth a continual toil of wit, [illegible] dangerous nets to Princes, perrel in the highest eye, and [illegible] all the rebukes of Kingdoms [illegible] than that in Court to have their strongly Counsell. For God must [illegible] their Counsellors, themselves under the Care; and often cannot know their Courses. But leaving them as their honourable proceedings, go a little lower to the Ladies; and [illegible]

thou

then ſee; either a treaſure like an Angel, if vertuous; or worſe than a Devil, if vicious. Perhaps thou muſt be painting ſpoil a good complexion, or perchance a ſimple eye-ſight, and bear out a fine preſence, a fool ſhould ſpeak fole, and preſume on the fair play the ſemblant. Well, what art thou benefited by all this? about thine eye with Spectrum, about thine ear by Folly, or loſe the time in idleneſs. Where it had been far better to read to the ſtate of Princes, than to be a ſpectator of Fancy; and to laugh at Folly, than to follow Folly? Well, for there be a thouſand among the birds, if her neſt be high, take heed of climbing for fear of a fall, take heed of the Object that makes an Abject of a Subject. But look aſide at the attendants, what ſhall you ſee? coſt a courteſie, long ſervice, painful duty, hope of favour, faith fear of diſpleaſure; a great Harveſt, many Labourers, and few Gainers; and it muſt be ſo, for deſires are many, but deſerts few, and therefore they have little. In ſum, a Prince thou canſt never be, a Counſellor never think to be. Babies are lovely, but beauty is coſtly; and the charge of attendants may bring hope to diſparage. In my opinion therefore thy intent is not good, and thy proceedings will be worſe in thy humour of courting. Make for Rome, is it not better to read of noble acts of Conquerors, than to ſee the ſcurvy of the Conquered; and to ſuffice nature with a little, than to ſtarve for want of food? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of diſeaſes, the cruelty of war, the terrour of ſacking a City, the defence of a breach, the ſtinks of blood, the cares of the ſorrowful, and the conſideration of Conſcience! Oh theſe, with many other ill banquets, bitter ſtorms, deadly tempeſts, cold lodgings, hard fare, ſtinking drink, and tattle rags, and who knows how long? Theſe things, I ſay, with baſe elſe I ſay not, are ſufficient I hope, to withdraw thee from ſuch a deſperate courſe. Prepare rather for true valour, and upon good cauſe and for time adventure life for honour, for thy Country, thy Religion, or thy Life; otherwiſe under the ſhew of ſeeking honour, go not like an hired Butcher to kill Beaſts, like a Mercenary to kill men for money. Remember what thou haſt read, Bleſſed are the peace-makers, ſeek peace and enſue it; for God will cheriſh it if he make it. But if unleſs thou take on to the Field, begin not with the Court, leſt dainty fare, eaſe, and idleneſs, make thee unfit to undergo the hard courſe of honour; but ſtart-up of the great rebels and gentle in their privileges, the titles of honour do moſt truely belong to thoſe well-deſerved; noble valour ſtems in mercy, and grace ennobleth in goodneſs. But for thee at this time [illegible] to the Spirit, out of my love I will be [illegible] to ſhew my love in all reaſonable effect, though not as I would, yet ſuch as may [illegible] thy good. Wiſhing thy [illegible] to the Court, to leave thine eyes to the [illegible], to ſtop thine ears from the [illegible], to ſeal up thy mouth from [illegible] thy heart from [illegible] thy hands from [illegible] and to keep thy feet out of that [illegible]. From my Lodging in the little College this tenth of May 1678.

Thine more than ſpoken, *N. B.*

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A Letter from a Batchelor to a rich Widow.

WIdow, if you would be sure, I would call you sweet: for though you know I love you, yet you will say I flatter you: but yet be it how it will, this is true; believe it as you list, your eyes have caught my heart, who hath chose me a servant to your will. I cannot with eloquence court you; but I can truely love you, and think my self blessed if I might enjoy you: for as your presence may please the wittest, so your welcome may command the honest. For your wealth, be it more or less than is reported, your self being of more worth than you can have wealth, I wish your self rather than those in yours. You fear perhaps your base unconstancy; it is to great that proceeds truth; and for my love, it shall end with my life. But what are words unbelieved? or hopes not firmly grounded, like the reflection of a looking glass which shakes, proves nothing? But good Widow, if you be kind, pity me; and if pitied, favour me; and if graced, love me; God will regard you, love will be true to you, and I till one eye I will serve you. You may increase your coyn, and encrease your comfort, when a coughing song at midnight may make you wish before day; but beware a little, and have much. Either I am, or base, you shall have all; my love, my service, my life; and what can you have more? a little more drink to make the cup run over, and perhaps cast the drink that was good before; a little more coyn to fill the other bag, and perhaps fall out to be a piece of false money. When contemned by a Coward that will serve for nothing but a Cuckold, or cursed, but a Cub that will grate you to the bones for an old Coat, you will curse your treasure that was the cause of your destruction. No, no, be good to thy self, in being kinde to me; hear me, believe me, love me, and take me; for I will be servant to thy will, a companion to thy kindness, and a Steward to thy substance. As this as I live, and hope of thy love, thou shalt finde; for my heart hath vowed it, and I will live a villain to my own soul: in which, praying for thy health, and to be made happy in thy kindness, to say amen to my prayers, I rest,

Thine avowed, howsoever regarded, T. M.

A Letter of advice to his Friend *W. C.*

HOnest WILL, I hear by your Mother that you are going to the Universitie; where no doubt but with good care and diligence you may do your self much good. But before that I have passed the place that you are going to, and have tried the nature of those Studies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and

and which I think best for thee to follow for thy good. First, for the better blessing of whatsoever thou follow, bestow some labour in reading the Divine Law: That done, note what I tell thee for the increase of thy Stock, when thou shalt come to have any dealings in the World. For thy better instructions in such courses as may be for thy Commodity, observe these Rules that I shall read thee: First, for Grammar, it is every Usher of petty Schools common Fail; Logick is but for the University: For Musick, it brings more Crotchets than Crowns: for Astronomy, it goes too high above the Clouds to do any good on the Earth: Cosmography is good for a Traveller, and Astrology for a Seaman: But for him that means to gather wealth, and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmetick, to be sure of his Numbers, it will be a means to grow rich many ways: For if you keep a Merchants Book, you shall learn his Accounts, the price of his Wares, and the gains of them, as well by great, as by retail, as well outward, as homeward; and this is a sure way to wealth. Again, if you be advanced to a place of Office, to keep account of the number of the people, the Duties, Tributes, and what payment soever to be made by them, for Subsidies, Fifteens, Customes, and what else soever, Arithmetick is most necessary for the speedy dispatch of all such businesses: For howsoever Honour may be sought or bought by them that have enough, lack thou Wealth, and that will bring thee what the World can give thee. For if thou fall into want, and impairing or spending thy Stock, be forced to take some mean course for thy maintenance, I will tell thee what thou shalt finde true: The honest will onely pity thee, and say, that thou mayest keep a School, it is an honest trade; when a Churl will grudge at his Groat for a shillings worth of labour, in beating quick-Sense into a dull Wit; who if he be not capable of a good understanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou undeservedly receive a frown or a foul word for thy labour. Now the proud Peacock hath a little more Money than Wit, will perhaps entertain thee to a blue Coat, and forty Shillings; which how grievous it will be to a good spirit, thou shalt finde, and I shall be sorry to hear. Believe me, if thou have the Sciences, be furnished with many Languages, and art acquainted with honourable Courses, and a Heart as honest as can live; yet if thou lack Wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt have a Fool come over thee, and a Knave abuse thee: and he whose Wittyes no further than his Trade, so play upon thy misery with scanning thy course of life, that thou wilt wish rather never to be born, than to be born down with unhappiness; yea, for necessities sake thou shalt be forced to bestow thy study in fictions and follies, and to spend thy spirits in vain, yea, I may say vile inventions, so commend an

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unfoothe person, to the wound of thine own Conscience; who though he take to bear himself backward, yet [illegible] regarded this, yet he will lie of his [illegible] Honour. [illegible] to present an [illegible] of Honour: [illegible] will, will grow rich with making benefit of the Labours, while thou weighing the lack of judgement in the first directing of the course, wilt pine away with sorrow to think of thy unlucky Fortune. In brief, therefore, follow my counsel, study all the Arts superficially, but chiefly Arithmetick; for it is for silence sake to Silesia. Be not ignorant in Divinity; for it is the Souls comfort; and take heed of Poetry, lest it run away with thy wits, for it hath commonly one of these three properties; bewitching the wicked, amusing the learned, and pleasing the foolish: and therefore though some excellent examples have come excellent humour, do thou rather read it at [illegible] days work in the Lady of Pleasures. [illegible] but do not from hence take occasion to [illegible] full of pleasure, [illegible] hoping that [illegible] if so much good as I desire. [illegible] leaving thy courtesy with thy self, to the pardoning and further of thy [illegible] mistress, I rest,

Thine in much affection, R. P.

To his most Honourable Lady, Madam *Isabella Tarina*.

HOnourable Madam, [illegible] sumptuous to trouble you with [illegible] years sufficient to understand between good and evil, and of discretion I thank God not guilty; [illegible] Book and Service; yet she is not unfurnished of her parts for a Servant of her place, which if it might [illegible] your good pleasure, should be to attend your Honour in your Chamber. Her truth I will undertake for, her diligence I will not [illegible] of, her tender nature I can speak of, and her affection to you Madam I know is not a little:

If therefore in all duty we may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shall be bound to your good favour, in the behalfe of her preferment; which being the highest advancement that her wits can devise, I leave her further with mine owne, to your honourable employment. So craving pardon for my boldness, with favour to my suit, I humbly take my leave.

Your Ladiships in all humblenesse, E. W.

To my beloved Godfather T. H.

Godfather, at the Font you gave me a Name, and as I have heard and read of others, you undertook to be me brought up in Learning, and in the fear of God. I do not remember, that ever I yet requested anything from you, towards the [illegible] and you perhaps [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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To my dearest beloved friend on earth, *H. W.*

HOneſt Nature, out of a troubled ſpirit & a tormented heart, I write to thee; and therefore bear with my ſkill, if it be not in the pleaſing manner of ſo good an humour as I could wiſh, and thou art worthy of: for as I know thee able to judge of colours, better than the blinde eyes and bottle-heads, and of the true kindneſs that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, than increaſe the ſorrows of the diſtreſſed: Let me impart to the ſame part of my paſſion, that patience in thy pity may the better play her part in my ſpirit. What ſhall I ſay? I live as without life, pleaſured in nothing, croſſed on all hopes, but in many fears, languiſhing in my ſorrows, and troubled with the grief of a wounded Conſcience; Now with the horrour of ſlaughter, the fear of Treaſon, or deſpair of Sin; but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindneſs of Friends, and the breach of Credit; and moſt of all with them whom I moſt love. O God, my heart aketh, and blame it not; and my ſpirit mourneth, and wonder it not: For though patience be a vertue that [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] are no [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of my patience; [illegible] one misfortune breaking and become poor: to am I: [illegible] another diſeaſe being: to am I: another loſing parents, Children, and dear friends: to have I: another [illegible] fat in hope of gain, and returned with loſs: to have I: another [illegible] in the waters, three days, [illegible] in a cold [illegible] many a bitter storm, and been at many a hard [illegible]: all theſe have I: another impriſoned: ſo have I: another long [illegible]: to have I: another plagued with an unquiet wife: to am I: another tormented to his hearts grief, and fain ſhould pay and cannot: to am I. In ſum, all of theſe croſſes are able to break the heart of a ſtrong mind; and all theſe lie at once ſo heavy upon me, that [illegible] the hand of God can remove: [illegible] my conſcience tell me the reaſons of my miſeries, whose true voice ſhould be my comfort, is all overcome. Conſider how with all this I can live, and think when I think it is hard to live: O for the tears of the penſive, the ſighs of the diſtracted, the ſtaff of the feeble, and the ſcratching of the diſeaſed; the company of the diſcontented, and the mirth of the moſt afflicted; the [illegible] of Calamity, the loſs of time, and the misery of want; if there be a Hell on earth, it cannot be far from the cauſe of my diſcomfort; where I am ſure the Devil ſeeing my deſire to ſerve God, layeth all the bars he can in the way for my diſcomfort: But I defie him, and hope in Chriſt, that my living and loving God, who hath tried my ſoul in adverſities, will one day in his mercy look upon me,

that the Devil shall be driven back from his purpose, and the tears of my eyes wiped away. I shall rejoyce in such a joy, as all my grief clean forgotten, my heart and soul shall in the joy of my Sense, in the heavenly Quiresse of a holy Hymn sing a new Song of praise to the glory of my Creator; for the believing assent of my Soul, but since from my nothingness and confusion in his service, I do frame both my Prayers, and my affection of my Mind. And I see I am too covetous, and therefore will thank God continue my patience, but not my Covetousness; give me deliverance from my miseries, and make me thankful for his blessings, and bless the with as much happiness as mine knoweth I want. So leaning my hopes to his mercies, and us both to his tuition, I rest, both as little rest as any man can rest.

Thine or not mine own, N. B.

To his fair Mistris, and hearts honour, Mrs. A. L.

I Joy, I have been so ill a Scholar to Love, that I never yet learned the Courting of Mistris, that should [illegible] Servitude; and therefore [illegible] my suit in this cause, [illegible] my humble eye Audience, and dumb Eloquence, [illegible] Language, [illegible] Speak: Your Eyes have taken me Prisoner, and I am content to be a Captive; but rather [illegible] to take me Vassal in your Eyes, than Mistris in all other Parts. I hold myself [illegible] soon. If I love, you must know it; for your Eyes, and my Heart: and if I love my heart, you must have it; for your Eyes are more worthy of it: but now you have it, [illegible] it for your Servant; let it not die in pleasure, that [illegible] but in your Love, it is called Death, it would [illegible] tell you more, [illegible] and [illegible] your Servant, [illegible] and [illegible] your pleasure, and let it [illegible] your Servitude, it is my [illegible] in your Eyes, it takes [illegible] from you, that [illegible] you. So leaving it with you how to use the Jewel of your Servitude, I take my leave for this time, but will rest ever,

Yours avowed and devoted, R. S.

To

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To his very good friend, Mr. *W.* *B.* for the borrowing of forty pounds for six Moneths.

SIr, I know you love no long Letters, and my suit being to most men so unpleasing, I would be loath to be tedious. I have purchased a piece of Land, and laid out all my Money; now upon the finding an unexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge: for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good friends; among which, presuming of your kinde promise upon my urgent occasion to stand me in stead, I am to entreat you by this Bearer to help me to forty pounds, wherein you will so much pleasure me, as so much may do; and as I can requite it, I will not forget it. I would have it for six moneths, my day I will not break; I will take it kindly, and deserve it thankfully: for Consent to trust, and therefore I pray lend it me. Good sir, you will be assured of my love, find me not both before, or after; for I undertake I have it, and you know I will pay. I have time to use you like a Brother, to lend you a Pound, as an honest man without let more depending to your kindness, in which you shall give me cause, in the like or greater matter, to rest upon at all hour a morning.

Your assured friend to use, *R.* *H.*

To the right Worshipful my very good Master, Sir *Thomas Ward* Knight, at his house in *Padow*.

SIr, after my humble duty, I have talked with divers of those parties whom you directed me, touching the purchase of the suit which you have in hand, whose opinions I send you all agree in this, that if you can make it irrevocable, they will be advertised; otherwise, they are loath to engage their credits for you upon bare hopes: for times are uncertain, and the change of times divers things fall out contrary to expectation. You shall therefore do well before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit: for we have nothing offered to good purpose, leave me to deal in it to your content. There is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it; I would therefore wish you to try your strength in it, and not to slip time, for it is precious in

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a good courſe. Bear with me, I beſeech you, if I move your patience in urging your ſpeed; for it is for your own good. Againſt your coming to Town, I will have ſomewhat elſe for you to ſet on foot; for he that will work, muſt not have the Fire without an Iron: but knowing your buſineſs, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle Notes; and onely praying for your health and Hearts eaſe, commit the conſideration of your own cauſes to the managing of your good diſcretion, and humbly take my leave for this time, always

Your Worſhips humble ſervant, *J. T.*

To my aſſured loving friend, *T. B.* with ſpeed, for money lent to reſtore back.

NOn payment of Debts, is not onely a crack in credit, but a loſs of Friends. Upon a Letter I furniſhed your want, and Fortune having been your friend, a large Conſcience methinketh doth not well. Your excuſe yet I know not, nor can well divine; but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your diſpoſition; for a ſetled affection expecteth the like meaſure in kindneſs. The Money you had of me was not much, but if it hath done you a pleaſure, I am glad of it: and if you can well ſpare it, by this Bearer I pray you return it, or the cauſe why you detain it. I have lately bought Sheep to ſtore a Paſture that I have to farm, and my Money being ſhort, I am bold to write to you for mine own; which if it come it ſhall be welcome; if not, ſo that I know how it may ſtead you, I will forbear: and for the conference between your Son and my Daughter, I think they are more ready for us than we for them. Your minds I know, and am contented with it: For as I ſee their proceedings, we will ſoon fall upon agreement. And to be plain with you, I think I had beſt rather to provide you more Money, than demand any more that you have: and therefore making your ſcruple in this onely point of affection, intreating pardon for my plain manner of writing; aſſuring you, that if this matter go forward, (as is no other like) as their loves, ſo ſhall our Purſes be one. And thus hoping of your health as mine own, with commendations to your kinde Son, your ſelf, and your Wife, I commit you to the Almighty.

Canterbury, this 4*th* of *Auguſt*, 1678.

Your loving friend, *N. T.*

To

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To a Judge in the behalf of an Offender.

My good Lord, your honourable care of Justice I hope is seasoned with the charitable wait of Mercy: for though the Law cutteth off offence by sharp punishment, yet death takes away repentance, and where there is increase there is signe of grace. The best Judge of true Justice, Christ Jesus, pardoned the great sinner, and with the gentle reproof of Sin no more, called her to great grace. You shall Justice upon the first fault, use another course upon an Offender: I know it is your Oath to do all manner of justice, yet may you give time of repentance in respecting this poor man, whose pardon will be easily attained: Your Honour shall do a good deed: God, in imitating his course to Justice, will surely regard and reward you: the patient Offender shall be found ever to pray for you: my self with all his friends will truely honour you: and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercy, when his Mercy shall hear of it, will commend you. Reflecting therefore your Honour to stay the Sentence of Death until the next Assize, or grant him a Respite till the sixth time: Leaving the poor mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble and bounden service to your good health, and all other happiness, I humbly take my leave.

Your honours humble servant, *D. H.*

A Letter of Complement. To my very good friend, Mr. *H. W.* at his house in *Arthingworth*.

Sir, if I could have let pass so fit a Messenger without some thankful remembrance, I were unworthy of so good a friend: but your kindness being such as will ever work in a good minde, I pray you let the [illegible] of my love: [illegible] of such [illegible] your [illegible] where at [illegible] your [illegible] here: [illegible] in that, [illegible] thanks [illegible] entertainment, hoping to be [illegible] your coming to [illegible], where you shall [illegible] your own welcome, I commit you to the Almighty.

London, 20 of *July*.

Your very loving and assured friend, *C. R.*

To

To his assured friend, Mr. *Thomas Rise*, at his house in the *Strand*, intreating his help in dispatch of business.

AGainst this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this Circuit, I shall have occasion to use many things, whereof I am now unfurnished. Your skill in choosing the best, and knowing the places, I know long since by your kindness in the like trouble; and therefore I entreat you once more to take a little pains, with this Bearer, my Servant, in delivering him in the shipping out of his Master's goods such parcels as in my Note for my use I have set down: your travel or kindness shall not unthankfully be forgotten; and wherein I may in this Country, or else where please you, you shall not fail of my best means. If your haste are great, I pray you acquaint me with them; and if the [illegible] from the Traders, what good success they have had. But earnest business makes me beg for them I determine none to be, this therefore hoping of your health, and not doubting of your kindness, with hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Salop, this 12 of *June*, 1678.

Your assured friend, T. M.

To his good friend, R. M. concerning the purchase of certain Lands.

SIr, I understand you have unto me, touching the sale of your Lordship [illegible] seem willing to have made me, if you will stand to your Money shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore it may have it as I told you, if it be a hundred pounds more I care not, but further indeed I will not go a penny. Let me know your minde by this Bearer

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er out of hand, for I am offered (I think) a better bargain: but for my words sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then have a game or two at Bowls. Hoping for your good health, and your good Bed-fellows, I commit you to the Almighty.

From my house this 13 of *June*, 1678.

Your very loving friend, *E. R.*

A Letter to a proud Mistriss.

HOw beauty will make a Fool proud, I would your Plaister-work did not witness: But had you wit to help wickedness, you would put a Parrot out of countenance. Your Countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merry tricks as a Monkey; and for your Foot-pace, I think you have Sore Heels, you walk so nicely as upon Egg-shels. Your Hair is none of your own; and for your Steeple-tire, it is like the Gaud of a Paid Harlian; so that had you a Fool by the hand, you might walk where you would in a Morris-dance. O fine come to it, how it nodles like a Hackney that would tire at half a mile. Well, your Tobacco-breath, with your toothless Chaps, will be shortly such bad ware, that you will stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you. But what do I mean to spoil paper with such matter, and therefore I will abruptly end: Wash your Face, scour your Hands, put on a clean Smock, get you to your Prayers, repent your wickedness, and mourn to death for your Souls sake; for your Carkas is not worth carrying to the Earth. And so hoping that in a good humour you will do somewhat better than hang your self, I leave you to this mishap that findes you the most filthy creature on the Earth, till you be never more seen in the world.

Your poor friend at a pinch, *B. T.*

The Answer of a witty but railing Wench.

BEtwixt a railing Knave and a Rascal, what is the difference? And from a Nitty Rogue, what can be looked for but a Lowse? O Devil incarnate, who ever knew such a Villain? Your Hair I will not meddle with for fear of a fall; But I wonder the Jewellers do not deal with you for a Face, where a pin can scarce stand between a Pearl and a Ruby. Oh the French rhume dids you keep out of the wind, for fear your rebel flacks scarce hold a rotten Carkas. Now instead of a Morris-dance, you know the Way up HOLBOURN, where the Hang-man at the Gallows says to learn you a new turn: But thou wretched worm,

unworthy the name of a Man, get you to the Wars, and forthwith of all the world, make your confession to the Gods, and commend your Soul to the Lord; for yet I feel the Devil within me. And so in haste, hoping my Letter may come to you before the last cast, I end in haste,

Thy charitable friend, *B. C.*

A Letter of Challenge to a young Swaggerer.

SIrrah, your swaggering is so foolish, that the Children laugh at you where you go; mend for your honour, if your Mother be angry, your Sword will be valiant. Your coming of Age is now none but I hear, and for your better encouragement they are inviting one another. Now let I do you some pleasure in telling you of your faults; let it suffice, to make an end of all matters; To morrow in the morning you shall find me by eight of the clock in the Field beyond Bethlem, near unto the Well; where, if you dare come alone, you shall find me without company, ready to do more than I will speak; till when, expecting no other answer than your self, I rest,

Your avowed Enemy, *J. T.*

A dogged Answer.

DO you imagine me a Philistine, that you begin to play GOLIAH in a Lesser? I assure you if your words be like your wounds, my Feather will not abide your wounds; but for my Sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you. If you be not dumb, I muse what madness doth possess you: But the best is, I hope now you have spoken, you have done; for I will be there where you appoint, but I doubt you will not perform: but as you tell me of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours; and sorry to have lost so much time about idleness, I end,

Yours as I have reason, *F. R.*

To my very good Cousin, Mr. *J. D.* at his house in *Dublin*.

COusin, I understand you are determined to put your younger Son Apprentice to a Merchant; Whether true, I highly commend your resolution herein; for I have travelled far, and seen much, can speak some what of them, and their noble Profession. I could well give it a higher title; for a right Merchant is a Royal fellow, he is desirous

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much, &c. travel much, and sometimes to gain a little; doth adventure much, &c. long sometimes for a little adventure he doth gain much, &c. as well of land gotten as of experience, which he hath purchased by travel, &c. which he with great toil and danger fetcheth out of far Countries. Now, say his gain be great, let it be answered to the desert of his Travel; Shall a Fair or fine Horse brought out of Barbary, be here finely kept, well fed, and well dressed, and richly attired? and shall not a Merchant that hath travelled many miles beyond Barbary, be thought worthy of a fine House, good Land, dainty Fare, and an honourable Attire, for the resolution of his Adventure, and the toil of his Travel? Shall a Lute or a Citern, brought out of Italy, be put in a Case of Velvet, and laced with Gold for well sounding? and shall not a Merchant that fetcheth that Lute, and he it far further than that Country for better [illegible] be thought worthy of his gain? and shall [illegible] Merchant be [illegible] Sir, I say [illegible] the Court [illegible] and [illegible] Merchants [illegible] the Merchant [illegible] whose Wives more modest; whose Apparel more comely; whose Diet more dainty; and whose Carriage more commendable: Valiant without Quarrels; merry without moans; bountiful in their gifts; and very near and choice in their Banquets. Whose Children are better nurtured: whose Servants are better governed: whose House better stuffed and maintained: Furthermore, what content have the distressed [illegible] found beyond the Seas, and how many are there [illegible] at home? [illegible] debts [illegible] tyles [illegible] true [illegible] rious [illegible] intent. If you will be perhaps your Son in any thing, [illegible]

do any thing, or be worth any thing, put him to a Merchant; and give with him such a portion, as out of his years may set up his Trade or Traffick: Doubt not he will do well, and think not almost he can do better, the believing God to bless him in all his courses, without which he will be worse than nothing. I pray you to do it: I pray you, charge him to serve God, and to turn him to the Almighty. And thus, having truely written to you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health, and honour, and all happiness to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health, I commit you to the Almighty.

Arthingworth, this 20 of *August*, 1678.

Your very loving Cousin, *N. B.*

To his deareſt, faireſt, and worthieſt of Love, Honour, and Service, Mrs. *E. E.*

IF I ſhould commend you (faireſt of Women) above the Moon, and compare you with the Sun, you would put me in the Clouds for a flatterer; but knowing your own worth, and finding the ſubſtance of my truth, you cannot blame me, in admiration, to ſpeak truth of your perfection; which of what power it is in working the reſolve of reaſon, if you would believe, love would quickly tell you: But the cauſe of inconſtancy in the unwiſe, breedeth diſtruſt of truth in the moſt faithful; but all Wits are not of one Feather, nor all men of one minde. In brief, me to make a long Harveſt of a little Corn, which being ripe, ſhould be gathered in a good time. Let truth be my ſpokes-man, and beſt my comfort; the hope whereof is my onely glorious happineſs, referring onely to the care of your kindneſs in the faith of true affection, I reſt,

Your avowed and aſſured friend, *N. B.*

A Letter to a friend to borrow a piece of Money.

SIr, as nothing more troubleth a friend than calamity, ſo there is nothing more pleaſant than to be beholding: In kindneſs therefore, if I may become your Debtor for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleaſure me more than a ſtarle. Your appointed day I will not break with you; and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you ſhall finde no forgetfulneſs of your kindneſs. But time is precious, and therefore intreating your ſpeedy anſwer, in hope of no denial, I reſt,

Your aſſured friend, *T. W.*

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The Answer.

I would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed for, with more then for necessary use; that I cannot spare I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a denial unkindly; for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not fail my best to do you good; if otherwise you would urge me, it would be to little purpose: And therefore sorry that I am not in time to satisfie your expectation, I must leave patience to your kinde discretion, which as you know me, shall command me; for I am, and will be, to the uttermost of my power,

Your assured friend, *D. S.*

A Letter of good counsel to his Mistriss *H. C.* at her house in *Pe-Chest.*

My good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference about Consideration: Believe me, when I consider the world, and what I have seen in it, and the best things of it, and that all to effect is as nothing, or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men that have so much judgement of good from evil, how can those men that know the uncertain time of death, live as though they thought never to die? How can he that heareth or readeth the Word of God, and believeth the truth of it, be so careless of it, and so disobedient to it: will men be sick, that may be whole? or die, that may live? what shall I say, but as PAUL said to the *Corinthians*, O foolish people, who hath bewitched you? It is the Word of God, that transgression is as the sin of witchcraft: And surely if men were not bewitched with sin, they could not delight in wickedness, being the cross-bar to all their happinesse. Could the Thief consider the doom of the Law, or the misery of the disposed, surely he would not steal: If the Adulterer did consider the sickliness of his action, and the shame of his folly, surely he would turn honest: If the Murderer did but consider the horror of death, and the terrour of sin, he would never kill. In brief, if any sinner would look into the foul nature of sin, he would be out of love with it: and if he did consider the power of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: nay, could, or would man consider the goodness of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing but that which is good for him, how could he be so forgetful of his own good, in offending the Author of all goodness? If the Usurer could consider the misery of want, surely he would not be careless of his estate: if the covetous could consider the misery of

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the poor, he would be more charitable: if the swaggerer could consider the comeliness of sobriety, and the shame of immodesty, surely he would be more civil: if the Magistrate did but consider the misery of the poor, he would not be so careless of their torment, and put them to such sorrow; but remember, that Justice without Mercy, is no less a vice of Tyranny: if he that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could consider the heaviness of Gods judgements, and the shame of his folly; he would doubtless be more careful of his Soul, and more kinde to his Flock. If the Lawyer could consider the Law of God, he would never grieve his Client, nor speak against a known truth; but as I said before, to have redundancy, it is the onely lack of consideration that maketh the wicked will of a man to run the way of errour to the ruine of his best comfort: and therefore I intreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your judgement touching the heavenly Providence and Power in the motion of all good actions, yet so to allow of my opinion touching want of Consideration, that it is one of the greatest causes of the confusion of Reason, by the corruption of Nature. And knowing that the care of your consideration is such, as doth and may give example to most expert men to follow the rule of your directions in the whole course of life, holding my self so happy as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you, and ever I rest, in full settled affection,

Your loving friend, *N. B.*

To my sweet Love, Mrs. *E. P.*

SWeet Love, if absence could breed forgetfulness, the fortune should do much harm to ill men; but when the eye of the minde looketh into the joy of the heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may hear me, so in absence you may see me; for labor is not of an humour, nor a shadow of light, but is a light of the spirit, and a constraining passion: think not therefore I do or can forget thee, or love my self but for thee. Shortly I hope to see thee, and in the mean time though not with thee, yet not far from thee; nor will be at rest within my self, till I may rest onely with thee. I rest always to rest

Thine onely and all, *F. W.*

Her Answer.

MY dear, if delays were not a death to lovers, minutes here would be in the construction of kindness; but sentences are better spoken

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ken than understood, and a pleasing presence is better than an aroused absence. Remembrance is good, but possession is better; and love hath many memory but a kinde of melancholy. Let your self therefore be the messenger rather of your love than your Letters, lest I grow in a mad fit to cast so your best comfort; not in respect of my constancy, but my Fortunes unkindness. Thus is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time to the beginning of never ending, I rest till that time, and all times one and the same,

Yours as you know, E. P.

An old mans Letter to a yong Widow.

WIdow, I have neither a smooth Face, nor a filed Tongue to cheat your eyes, nor abuse your ears withal; but a true heart and a constant minde that doth inwardly love you, and will never deceive you. Fickle heads and unbridled wills know not where or how to bestow themselves, when their wits go a wool-gathering among flocks that have had fleeces. They may be kinde, but not constant; and Love loves no out-lookers: but besides, light Heads have no staid Veils, and a little wealth is soon spent. Who knowes the woe of want, can tell you the difference between an old mans Darling, and a young mans Marling: Why, how can they love that scarce know how to live? I know you have many Suiters of worth, but none that I think more worthy than my self: for none can love you so much, nor esteem you so well; for I have given the World, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: all therefore all I have may please you, and my self to love and honour you, make thy content your contentment, and I will seek no other Paradise in this World. Thus hoping that reason in your favour will effect the hope of my affection, leaving you to your self, to be your self, I rest,

Yours or not mine, T. P.

Her Answer.

SIr, I could never see you, but in a Letter: I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondent. A gray Head and a green Minde fit not: your perswasions were forcible, were not your self too much weakness; but though for your good will, I thank you, yet for nothing will I be indebted to you, no, not for a World would I be troubled with you: For as our years, so I fear our

our fancies will be different; and the patience mobing chafer may bred anger, taken to be an old mans darling, is a blame of craft to nature. Put by well, who can tell, that knows not how to like: Unless the Genius are altogether of sober comfort, what is imagination but a dream? A witness upon can judge no colour, a deaf man heed no skill in musick, a dumb man the eloquence, and an old man little feeling in loves passion. For my manners, they suit my time, and serve their own; and for their worth, I shall judge of the most worthy. Now for their wits, if they lose not their own faces, let them gather wisdom where they can; but for your love, I will not venture on it, lest, being too old, it be not sweet: And for my young suiters, I hope I shall take dad of a madowed sonzeneis: As for Fortune, while Vertue governs Affection, I will not fear my felecity. So hoping your own reason will perswade you to have patience with your passion, and leave me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my self, and none other, I rest,

Not yours, if mine own, *P. M.*

A Letter of a young man to his Sweet-heart.

MY Lobe, if I could have as good passage as my Letters, I would be a better Messenger of my thoughts, than my Words can express; but as the secret of my Heart, which none can see but your eyes, nor shall know but your kindness, let me not then languish in the lingring hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the onely answer of your consent. You know the houre of our first meeting, of our fantasies, the true countenance of our irrevocable affections; and why will you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort? Loyal cannot let you doubt my love, and Love will be sworn to the security of my truth; both moved thus far pleading for me in your judgement: For imprisoned I am in your beauty, bound in the bands of your service, and live but in the hope of your favour, in which I rest ever, and onely to rest happy in this World.

Yours, though not yours, *R. E.*

An Answer to her Love.

MY Sweet, I rather wish your self th[illegible]r Letter, though in the haste of your desire, your presence [illegible]en to little purpose, for Words are in a good way, that are subscribed and sealed: But till the delivery be made, the matter is not fully finished. Have therefore

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bare patience for a time, for it is soon enough that is well enough; and yet I confess in kindness, delay is little comfort; yet stay for a fair day, though it be almost at noon, be perswaded of my attention, and let faith fear no fortune, for love can be no Changling, and so imagine of my self. When you offend, I will punish you; and when you do please, I will praise you. So assuring truth believe, and love comfort, I rest so soon as I well may, to give the reason of your best rest, and till then and ever will rest,

Yours as I may, *M. I.*

A merry Letter of News to a Friend.

RIght Trojan, I know thou lovest no Complement, nor carest for any tricks; but as a good fellow and a friend, wouldest hear how the World goeth. All the World I am not acquainted with, and therefore I know not what to say to it; but for the little part of it, the petty place or Parish where I dwell, and some few miles about it, I will tell you there is a fall of Coates; for there is such a world of them every day in the Market, that except they be young and fat, there is little money bidden for them. Hackney-jades are scarce worth their meat, and every house hath such a Dog, that not a Beggar dare come near the door, and not a Mouse at a Cheese, but a Cat is at her heels. Maid Marrian of late was got with childe in her sleep, and the Hobby-horse was half mad that the Fool should be the Father of it. A great talk there is of setting up a new Tavern; but Tobacco is the thing that will bear the old Sack. Here is spoken so much gibberish, that we have almost forgot our Mother-Tongue: for every Boy in our School hath Latine at his Fingers end: marry it is in a Book: for all his wit is in his Copy, for in coptre he hath little. Our Free School is now painted with Ink from over the Gate; for within, except some unhappy wag, there is no more wit than is necessary. Now for the other News, I will tell you, wet weather frights us with a bad Harvest; and Usurers are half mad for lack of utterance of their money. Law was never more in use, nor men more out of money; and for Women, they are strange creatures, for some of them have three Faces, and so fine in proud paces, that if they carry it as they do, they will put many men out of countenance: For other ordinary matters they are as you left them; a pot of Ale is worth a penny; a Bawd will have brave Clothes; the man in the Moon is above the Clouds, and the Knave of Clubs will still make one in the Stock. Other things there are that I am shortly to acquaint you with; in the mean time write unto me how thou do'st, and how the World blows on

your ſide; and ſo ſorry I have no good thing to ſend thee, with the love of my heart, I commit thee to the Almighty.

Thine to the end, *R. B.*

The Anſwer.

THou mad Villain, what hath walked about thy Brains, to put thy Wit in ſuch a temper; a tale of a Tub, and the bottom out: Well, to requite your kindneſs, you ſhall know ſomewhat of our World. So it is, that the Fox hath made an end with moſt of our fat Geeſe; the Wolf meets with our Lambs before they can well go from the Dam, and the Water-Rat hath ſo ſpoiled our Fiſh-pools, that if it had not been caught with a Trap, we might have gone to Sea for a red Herring. Our Bailiff's Bull runs through all the Rye in our Parſh, and the Tanner's Dog hath worried a white Bear. The Bailiff of our Burrough takes upon him like a Juſtice; and ſince the new Ale-houſe was ſet up, the Conſtable is much troubled: but though Oats be rank, and Rye be ripe, Wheat is but thin, and Barley ſhort. Good fellowſhip goes down the wind, and yet Benches are right bied. Our Piper is ſain ſick of an Ale-ſurfeit, and old DAWSEL got a blow as midnight, that makes him ſtraddle all day. DANIEL hath her Sweet-heart in ſpite of Tom Timber, and there is wondring in the Town that thou art not in the Goal before the Seſſions: But be thou of good cheer, there is time enough for a good turn; and come when thou wilt, thou ſhalt make thine own welcome. O mad Babe, let me be merry with thee a little; for thou knoweſt I love thee. Thy Grandſire is going to his Grave, and hath bequeathed thee a Knaves portion. The Well hath gone for him; but ſo ſoon as he is paſt, I will ſend thee word in Poſt, that for grief of his death thou mayeſt drink to all Chriſtian ſouls. Thy Siſter is where ſhe was, and ſweares thou art honeſter than thy Father. I will ſay no more, but thou haſt friends that thou knoweſt not; and therefore come when thou wilt, we will have a health ere we part. And ſo in haſte farewel.

Thine to the proof, *R. S.*

To a young man going beyond the Sea.

GOod Coulin, I have by your laſt Letter your preſent intent to travel, I pray God it may fall out for your good: For though in reſpect of your years, your Body be in good caſe to endure ſome hardneſs, yet there

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there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the Air and Diet; but above these things, there are many things to be observed, that negligently regarded may be greatly to your hurt: As first, for your Religion, have a great care that your eyes lead not your heart after the horrour of Idolatry; serve sincerely, not fondly, not in form, but in truth of zeal; and for your comfort in all your course, that you trust in him, and none else. Secondly, for your Carkas, take heed of too much following the Feminine sex, and pray for continency; it is a blessed vertue. I speak not this for the common sort, but for the Queens, whose Faces are bewitching Objects, and whose Wayes are enchanting Gulfs: if there be in the way of your ear, or eye, passe them from them, lest too late thou finde it too true, that you will hardly escape drowning, when you are over head and ears. Such Women will hang about your heels, as will so hinder your swimming, that you will hardly overcome it in health, if you hap to escape with your life. Furthermore, if you meet with some chaste CORDELIA, whose beauty makes chast with vertue, let not a chaste eye in her beget an unchaste thought in you. I speak not this in fear of any thing but your youth; for though I know you well disposed in many ways, I doubt you are not stable in all: And this being a thing that I know most necessary, I thought all my love to give you a note of. Now for your Purse, let it be pinched to your own knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappiness, and bind you more parsimony than for profit. Now for your Tongue, let it follow your Ears; and try it with truth, that it may abide all touch; and for your Diet, let it be sparing; for better feede with an appetite, than go to Physick for a Surfeit. Now for your Conversation, chuse the wise, rather bear them than trouble them, and against all fortunes take patience in your passage. So serving God, and observing the World, no doubt but you will make benefit of your Voyage, and I will be joyful of your return. And thus loth to tire you with a long tale, when I know in a little, you will understand much. In prayer for your good success, and safe return, I commit you to the Almighty.

Arthingworth, 24 of *July*, 1678.

Your affectionate Kinsman, *L. M.*

To his Friend *G. T.* in the time of sickness and sorrow for a great misfortune.

DEar GEORGE, knowing the cause, though not the condition of thy sickness, I am bold a little to advise thee for the better recovery of thy health. Thou knowest (dear Friend) that there is nothing profiteth neither

neither under nor above the Heavens, but either by the direction or permission of the Wisdome of the Almighty. There is no Day that hath not his Night, no Element that hath not his contrary, nor Comfort on the Earth without a Cross. Thou art sorry to see the cruelty of Fortune; but turn thine Eyes to a better light, and thou shalt see it a trial of Gods love: For if Nature be accursed for sin, thou must finde it in this world or another; the second death is worse than the first. If sickness make thee feel Gods Hand, shall not patience make thee try his mercy; and health make thee know his love? If losses make thee poor, wert thou not better with patience be Gods Beggar, than in pride the worlds King? Grieve not then at thy fortune, but live by thy faith: be rather a JOB than a SAUL; for there is no spurning against so sharp a prick as Gods purpose. I am sorry for thy sickness, but more for the cause: for to mourn to no end is meer folly; and a pining sickness is a sign of more Passion than Patience. Christ suffered for thee, suffer thou for thy self; lay away thy too much melancholy; for fighting is womanish, and weeping is babish. Be wise therefore for thy self, and be good to thy self; pluck up thy spirits, and put thy self onely upon God. Live not like a dead man, but die like a living man. Let not Fortune be a Messenger of Death, nor impatience a prejudice to thy health. Take thy Horse and ride over to me, and take the time as it falls; if fair, the fewer Clothes; if foul, take a Cloak; but defer not the time, for thought pierceth apace; and for the Winde, there is no Physick but patience and mirth; bring the first with thee, and the last I will provide for thee. Till when, wishing thee out of thy solemn Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, till I see thee, always I rest,

Thine in all mine, *D. R.*

An Answer to the same.

HOw easily the healthful can give counsel to the sick, and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in case to prove: But I see Patience needs not to be perswaded; for where pain is, he will be entertained. I know there is no resisting of Gods power, nor muttering against it, but yet think that the Flesh and Blood in many things hath much ado to bear it: and though Fortune be a Fiction, yet it troubleth many fine wits; and the trial of patience puts the best spirit to a hard point: Never to have had, is little woe to want; but to lose, hopeless of recovery, doth sting the heart of a good minde. A sorrow is sooner taken than put off; and death is comfortable to the afflicted. Fools cannot take thought, and knaves will not; but the honest and the careful im-

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understand the plague of misery: If death be this way ordained me, I cannot avoid it; and if help come unlooked for, I shall be glad of it: But if you will take the pains to make me try the comfort of your company, my self shall have some room to entertain a Friend for such a need; and knowing your love, can account no less. I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let me see you here shortly: If I live you shall know my kindness, if I die, you shall find my love. So drawing towards a Feavers fit, I am forced thus to conclude in the spight of Fortune. In the grace of God I will digest what I can, and pray for patience for the rest. And so hoping speedily to see you, till then, and always, I rest,

In sickness and in health thine what mine, *R. H.*

A younger Brother to his elder, fallen happily on a little wealth, and suddenly grown lordly proud.

GOod Brother, as I am glad to hear of your health, so I am sorry to hear of your ill carriage. It is told me by them that I can believe, that your understanding which should make you gracious, makes you in a manner sottish. It is wonderful, that you can so suddenly metamorphose your nature from wit to folly. It grieveth me to hear your description of you by all as many as know you: It is said you look over the pales, walk as upon Stilts, smile as if it were for Charity, and watch a dissembling concert of your Wealth; make your Face like the Chameleons, Turn Winds. In your Apparel you are so womanish, your Hands stand in pain, your Beard so starched, and your Countenance so stern, that you are more meet for a Prologue before a Comedy, or than to give example to Civility. Formality is a kinde of folly, when he that walks upright like a Rabbit, is like a Boy that should say Grace. They say you are seldom without a Flower in your Mouth, I would it were fitly perfumed for the desert of your folly. You wear your Cloak always broad, that one may see your Silken inside, and your Garters beneath your knee are ready to weep for a Rose. All these notes are taken of you; and withal, that to maintain this pride, you are so covetous as the Devil: for as I hear, you are both an Usurer, a Stoker, and have more cunning tricks in your trade, than an honest heart could away withal. Truly this is not well; for your Estate needs it not, your education doth not teach it: let me therefore entreat you to turn a new leaf, sing a new Song, be courteous, not covetous; be kind, but not proud, and have a conscience in all your courses:

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for there must be an end of all your matters, and repentance will be the best payment of my ill taken accounts: Believe it, for you shall finde it at last, I will not lye. And so out of the sincere love of a true heart, that holds you as dear as his own life, rather desirous to tell you what I finde amiss in you, then to work you in what I finde grievous in you; to his grace that may amend you, with my prayers for you, I leave you.

Your true loving Brother, R. B.

To a fair proud Tit.

FAir Mistris, why should you turn that to a curse which was given you for a blessing? I mean your beauty, which should have made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you mar your colour with an ill countenance: and when you speak, you counterfeit such a kinde of lisping, that you cannot bring out a wise word. Your Bodies are made to draw, and your Farthingale to grace, that unless a Gentleman, you may make Action of your self. I will plain, but tell you the truth, I think you are best in your quotting Coat; for your tricking and your tiring takes away all your proportion, for that the Painter and the Taylor hath put Nature out of countenance. But sure it is the fashion for Fools to wear a Cocks comb, for such outside Fashions that like, I will not allow them always: but as a good friend, let me tell you, that tells you but for your good, lye down and repent, let Bawdery go to the Devil, and not fearing my poor back, may serve him to make Fools, nor use tricks to pick Pockets, for in the end it will be naught; for the Pox or the Gallows, or the Devil will be the reward of plain Treachery, if in the way you scape beggary; and therefore follow my counsel, give over betimes, before it give over you. And since I have turned my Coat, turn your old Gown, and we will join together, to go both in a Livery; for say the world, and I am for thee: and so till I hear from thee, I commend me to thee,

Thine if thou wilt, D. T.

Her Answer.

YOu wicked Villain, hast thou played the Jew so long that thou art weary of thy self, and now comest to me for a Companion? Soft Snatch, your trick is an Ace out; and of all the Cards I love not the Knave. My beauty is not for blear eyes, nor shall pretended honesty cheat my folly. Hast thou had three occupations, and none thrive? a Pedler, a Parasite, and a Pander, and now wouldest be Cony-catcher?

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eather: Sir, I have no game for your Ferret, and therefore hunt further. Know for my part and my looks, and my actions, and my eyes, if they fit not your humour, I am not for you; but for the Devil, the Gallows, and the Devil, and the Ale-house, keep you from them, and I will keep me from you; and if I thought I might trust thee, I would put thee in a Fools Paradise: but if you are not afraid of Spectres, walking, come home and rule a Wives-maid; believe it, it is better than a Cuckold-cock, thank the Heavens for thy good fortune, and me for my good will: and so till I see thy liberty, I leave thee to thy self.

Thine if like, *M. T.*

A kinde Sister to her loving Brother.

My dear Brother, as you know our love began almost in our Cradles, so, I pray, let it continue to our Graves. I have had a bad Husband, and you no good Master, and yet with patience we have stood to tie the strange changes of time: But the quiet and day waits after our friends; and therefore in the mean time let us make much of one another. Write unto me how you do in Body and Mind, and when I shall be so happy as to enjoy your good company: For being alone, you may be as a Husband and a Brother, to cherish my Servants, comfort my self. Believe me, I long to see you, and in the mean-time to hear from you: and therefore I pray you let no Messenger pass from you without some few lines of your kinde love, which are as dear as my life. This I pray you let me not fail of. And so with my hearty commendations, and most kinde love, and my daily prayers for thy health, I leave thee to the Almighty.

His Answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your loving Letter, for which I return you many kinde thanks. My Body I thank God is in good health, but my Mind somewhat out of temper; for I see three things that do much grieve me; a Fool rich, a White man wicked, and an honest man poor: For the first either by prodigality wastes himself, or like a Dog in a Bench-hole hoards up his Money he knows not for whom: the second turns wit to an ebil course, that might compass better matters: And the third lives in grief that he cannot shew the venture of his condition. But when I consider again there

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is no Paradise, the Angels live in Heaven, and Hell is too near unto the Earth. I am glad I can fall to prayers to shun the traps of the deceitful, and since I cannot go from the course of Fates, to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You say well, we have lived to be much, and yet must die before we have seen all; you afraid of a trouble, and I well fraught of discontents; yet are these crosses enough to try the care of a good conscience, in which I doubt not your wisdom, nor shall you of my will: but as patience is a salve of misery, so is love the joy of Nature, in which as we are nearly linked, so let us live inseparable. Shortly I hope to see you. The Lord of Heaven bless you, and his mercy keep you. So with my hearts love to you, to the Lords tuition I leave you.

Your very loving Brother, *E. N.*

A young man to his first Love.

SWeet Love, since first I blewed your fair beauty, I saw none like you, nor like any but you. My reason is driven out of many grounds, and all in your graces; for first, your beauty being such as exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to reach, and your demeanour so discreet, as drives me onely to wonder. Believe my affection to be untouched with untruth, and requite my love with some token of your good liking; For being the first Star that hath made me study Astronomy, let me not live in the clouds of your discontent, lest in a mist of misery I fall to the lowest of Fortune. Leaving therefore my self to your favour, or my death to your frowns, I rest restless till I may rest,

Yours onely in all, *T. P.*

Her Answer.

IF your Heart were in your Eyes, and your words were all truth, I should believe a strange tale of the great force of fancy; but I must entreat your pardon to pause upon my judgement of your opinion. I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish me: For though I would not be unkinde, yet will I not be unearnful. Astronomy is too high a study for my capacity, and the Clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded, that the Earth cannot hold them. In brief therefore, build no castles in the air, lest they happen to fall on your neck; distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithful, nor put your life to loves passion, lest it try your patience too much. Howsoever it be, carry reason in all your courses, & your care will have the comfort, to which I wish you as much hope, as a true heart may deserve: and so not knowing your rest, will trouble you no farther, but rest as I have reason,

Yours in good will, *A. M.*

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A Traveller beyond the Seas to his Wife in *England*.

DEar Wife, the misery of my fortune is more than can easily be born, and yet the most grief is to be absent from thee and my little ones: but as a Hen to her Chickens, be kinde to them till I see thee, and pray for my success, as I do for thy health. From many dangers God hath delivered me, and I hope will after many storms send me a fair day to do me good, and a fair wind to bring me home. In the mean time I will have patience, and intreat thee the like; for love so long settled, I know cannot lose his nature: And therefore not doubting of thy constancy, I commend me to thy kindness; kiss my Babes for me, and kindely receive for thy self and them, such tokens as by this trusty Post I send thee & them. And thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greatest happiness in this world, in prayer for the same, and thee, and thine, evermore I rest,

Amsterdam, the 20 of *August*, 1678.

Thy dear loving Husband, *T. W.*

Her Answer.

SWeet-heart, let me intreat thee to be as merry as thou canst in spight of Fortune and her fury; for if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet love shall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones are daily for thee. We all long to see thee, and think it long to be so long without thee: but knowing thy intent for our good, we both have patience till thy coming, and pray for the speed of it, with good success of thy travel. The Posts haste is great, and therefore I must end: For thy kind Letters and Tokens I thank thee. Somewhat by this Bearer I have sent thee, my Notes in my Letter will tell you what, with my hearts love, which can hold nothing from you, but abovers all I am, and have ready for you. So with my Babes kiss and my own, in prayer for thy health and hearts ease, I commit thee to the Almighty.

London, the 23 of *September*, 1678.

Thy very loving Wife, *E. W.*

A Letter admonitory to his Friend in love.

HOnest WILLIAM, I cannot but mourn for thee, to see thee in such a passion as I thought never to have taken thee in. I hear say thou art in love; is it possible to be true, that the Spirit of errour could ever have taken possession of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idol, and lose thy self in a maze? Why? first the thing Love is another world than this, and hath little to do with such creatures as thou keepest company

with. I am sorry to hear how thou windest thy self in such a Net, that thou canst no way get loose. Fie upon folly, leave thy fancy, lest it be too late, and then no man will pity thee. What! have hard Eyes, and see not plainly? Ears, and hast heard nothing? Nose, and can smell nothing? a Taste, and can perceive nothing? and a Heart that can feel nothing, to put me from thy remembrance, unless thou hast met with, called Love? Why? let me tell thee what it is, simply I cannot tell thee; but what are the qualities of it, as I have heard and read of it, I will declare thee. It takes cunning Sages, bestial Fools, base Beauty, and wafte Wealth; effeminate Heroes, and brave Villains. This kinde of love I mean, that makes the dance Il reneverence without a Pipe, it will not let them sleep, nor eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor sit in quiet. It will teach a Fool to flatter, a knave to cringe, a Coward to dance, and a Scholar to be a Fool, where he can but find the love of a kinde heart. It will make a Soldier lazy, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poor, and a Poor man a Beggar. It will make a wise man a Fool, and a fool quite out of his wits. It will make a man womanish, and a Woman apish. To be short, there is so much ill to be said of it, that he is happy that hath not to do with it. If therefore thou be not too far gone, come back again; if thou canst leave thy Study, lay away thy Book, and think of other matters than the mouth of MOESUS, lest [illegible] be sorry, or else [illegible] Will be [illegible] for [illegible]. At last, good sweet Mistris, for it is no better than a [illegible], with [illegible] away, when [illegible] in an hour; for the [illegible], and the delight is [illegible]. The sun is [illegible], and the fruit of it [illegible] Leave [illegible] to the [illegible], to [illegible] the sun, [illegible] to the [illegible], to help the [illegible] of his [illegible], and [illegible] to the [illegible], to encrease his [illegible], [illegible] to the [illegible], to help his [illegible], [illegible] to the [illegible] to my [illegible]; and to let thy [illegible] be divided among them: And when you are all together by the ears, come then away to me, and live with me, and credit me, thou shalt see the end crown me for dealing so truly and plainly with thee: In the mean time let me hear from thee, what I shall hope of thee; for as thou knowest I love thee, from my love I have written to thee what I know is good for thee, and what I wish may do good with thee. And till I see thee, in hearty prayers for thee, and like commendations to thee, to the Lord of Heaven I leave thee.

Thine as thou knowest, J. E.

The Answer.

Good Sweet no more words, what a noise hast thou made with knocking at nothing? Alas hast heard thou whoop and shout, and talkest

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talkeſt thou knoweſt not how; take Wood-cock in a ſpring, and touch not me with theſe terms. Now for thy mourning, let it be for the loſs of thy wit; for I have no fear of Bad-luck. Love (quoth he) you neither knew what it is, and yet ſpeak ſo much of it; either you wrong it or your ſelf, that you no better underſtand it; or let me tell you, you are miſtaken in it. It is the light of wiſedom, the life of Nature, the ſeparation of Reaſon, and the joy of Time, the comfort of Age, and the life of Youth; It is a tongue of Truth, Map of Wit, and the rule of Underſtanding: It is the bridle of Will, and the ſtay of Manners: It makes a man kinde, a woman conſtant; and while Fools and Aſſes play at Hopſep for a Purſe, Lovers have a love that would not leave for a Mountain. Now for [illegible] and the Gods, they are [illegible]; and be that fears [illegible], let him be ſure for Cuckolds. To be ſhort, thou art ſtrangely out of tune to write ſuch a piece of ſweetneſs; for were I but in the way, Shall I turn back to thy Miſtreſs? No, thou knoweſt not what it is, and therefore talkeſt no more of it: For hadſt thou but once kindly had a taſte of it, thou wouldſt ſee ere thou wouldſt leave it: believe it, I know; and therefore for the derriſion of my Miſtreſs, I will take it as a dream, and be ſorry, that awake, thou hadſt no more wit than to write it. But let all unkindneſs paſs, it may be I will ſhortly ſee thee, and then make thee glad to yield to me, that thou art in a foul errour, to wiſh me to leave my Love to live with thee. But ſince I know thy kindneſs, I will bear with thy weakneſs, and in the faith of an old friend hearken to thee in another matter: And ſo forbearing thee no more to chide ſo much againſt a matter of ſo excellent a vertue, I will leave thee for this time, and reſt always,

Thine as his own, *K. P.*

A Countrymans Letter to his beloved Sweet-heart.

TRuly Sweet-heart, I am ſo out of order with my ſelf, with the extremity of love that I bare you, that my heart is even at my mouth to ſay Sweet-heart, when I think on you: And if I hear one your name, it makes me ſtart as though I ſhould be your; and when I look on my Handkerchief that you bound to me, I thank you, with Coventry-blue; and how I lift up my eyes to Heaven, and ſay to my ſelf, O there is a Wench in the world, well go to: but when I ſee my Jet ring that you ſent me by my Mother SARAH, I do ſo kiſs it, as it you were then within it. O SARAH, it is not to be ſpoken that affection I bear thee: Why, I ferreted all night for the Rabbet I ſent thee, and have been in the Wood all day to ſeek a Birds-neſt for thee. My Mother is making a Cheeſe-cake, and ſhe hath promiſed it me for thee. Well, believe me, I love thee, and if my high Shoes come home on Saturday, I will ſee you

on Sunday, and we will drink together, that is once; for indeed I do love thee. Why my heart is never from thee; for over and besides that I think on thee all the day, so I dream of thee all the night, that our folks say in my sleep that I call thee Sweet-heart, and when I am awake and remember my dream, I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what: But it is no matter, it shall be, and that sooner than some think; for the old Crub my Father, and the old Crum my Mother will not come out with their Crowns, I care not, I am all their sons, and therefore I shall have all the Lands; and having a good Farm, we will make shift for money: And therefore Sweet heart, (for so I will dare thee) I pray thee be of good cheer, wash thy face, and put on the gloves that I gave thee; for we are full sure next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I have your Father's good will, and you have my Mothers; if Barnie and Young hold, we will lead our Pairs together. I would have said somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, our School-master was so busie with his Boys, that he would scarce write thus much for me; but farewel, and remember Sunday.

Thine own from all the world, T. P.

An Answer to her heart of gold and best beloved.

NOton Love, and a kinde soul, I thank thee for thy sweet Letter a thousand times; I warrant thee it hath been read, and read over again, oftner than I have fingers and toes: Every night I get up our man into my Chamber, and there by my Bed side he sits and reads it to me still, till I am almost asleep: but when he reads so often Sweet-heart, and I love thee, O say I, you do lie, and he swears no: and then I said I thank you Lady, no love lost, for I am no Changling: and when he comes to dream and awake, and wish, I will not tell you what I think yet, but one day I will tell you more; in the mean time be content and trust me, I have a hand in hand for thee, that shall be done before the time; and let our friends do their wills, we will not hang after their humours: No, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for ever and ever. My Mother hath stolen a whole peck of flower for a Bride-cake, and our man Barnaby he will steal a Rosemary-bush; and I have spoken for ale that will make a Cat speak, and the youths of the Parish have sworn to whip the blind Fidler. Well, be of good cheer, on Sunday I will be at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to have a bout with you, and till then the Sunday after, and every day after that, God be with you. Written by our man at my Bed side at midnight, when the folkes were all asleep.

An

An angry Letter by a young Lover in the Country to his Love, *M. N.*

MARGERY, the truth is you do not use me well: what do I get by you, to lose my days work, and sit at stile blowing my fingers in the cold, in hope to meet you a milking, and you send another in your room, and go to market another way? Well, if I be not your Sweetheart, much good do you with your choice: I hope my Fathers Son is worthy your Mothers Daughter. Your picking in a clout is not so good as a Plough; and for your portion, I can have your betters: but it is no matter, he is curst in his cradle that curses any of your words: and therefore since it is as it is, let it be as it will; I will not put that at my heart that you hang at your heels. Well, to be short, take it for a warning, for I am angry; if you scribe me so again, you shall scribe me so no more; that is once: and therefore either be as you should, or be as you list; for I will not digest more than I can, that in the truth. Other folks see it as well as I, what a Fool you make of me; but it is no matter, I may live to meet with you: But yet, if you give over your gadding, and be ruled by your friends counsel, I can be content to forget all that is past, and to be as good friends as ere we were: And hoping to hear better of you than some folks think of you, meaning to be at your Town the next Market-day, if thou will meet me at the Rose, we will have a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap to be merry ere we part; and so farewell.

Your friend as you use me, *B. D.*

Her Answer.

BARNABY, you are much to blame to fall out with your self for want of better company. If you are angry, turn the Buckle of thy Girdle behind you, for I know no body is in love with you. What's here to do with my Fathers Horse, and my Mothers Ware? Why, I wonder what you ail? is the Moon in the eclipse, that you are out of temper? Now, truth it is pity a Fool cannot have a little wit, but he will spend it all in a few words. Alas, the day, it will be night by and by; and if you be so peevish to put pepper in the nose, if you can sneeze both ways, you are in no danger of death. Well, to be plain, care for your self if you will, for in truth I will take no charge of you: for if you will hold on your course, you may walk whither you will, and no body look after you: For my self, I will forget your Name and proper person, I hope there is none so mad as to be in love with you. In conclusion, come not to me till I send for you, nor look after me till I bid you. I will drink no Bottle-ale with such a Bottle-nose, nor desire to come to Market to

meet

meet such a companion: And so glad to have this occasion to try your patience, the Fuzeman of Fools be your Woodcock-Father, and teach you better how to use your wit, if you have any. And so in as little love as I can, saving my charity, in hearty good will I leave you as I found you, and so I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, *M. N.*

To her more friendly than faithful, Mr. *Tho. Jewel.*

A Bitter-sweet is a bitter physical-potion: if I be so to your thoughts, I have I hope purged your head of ill humours; and then fighting Fancy, that would deceive plain Simplicity, will abuse neither of us: and if your flattery were not gross, in my complexion, I should have no respect of your condition, which how far it is from your professed truth, I leave to the secret confession of your little affection. Words follow thoughts at the heels, and thoughts keep the head, not the heart. Where the heart is a little troubled, it puts the wit much out of temper: and therefore wishing you to leave honour to the Noble, and service to the Servitors, give me leave to the life of equality, and so settle my affection in discretion; which hating to disgrace the well-deserving, cannot but daintily favour the faithful. Mistrust is a kinde of jealousie, which if I could love, I would perhaps be acquainted with; but solitariness being a sweet life, why should I tie my heart in a wearie course? Yet am I not heart-less, and therefore will hearken to reason; and yet no further than to know the worth of a Jewel, before I pay too dear for the wearing of it: and therefore let this suffice you, that no Heaven being in this World, take heed of a Hell of your own making; and putting away the clouds of idle humours, look in the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to honour: to which, if my help may avail, I say Amen to such prayers as may be made in a good minde; in which hoping you will labour to rest, I leave you to your best rest, and so I rest,

Your friend as far as not to be my own enemy, *S. P.*

A valedictory Letter to an inconstant Mistris.

I Am sorry that mine own experience should so evidently prove the verity of that common received opinion, that Women generally are subjects to inconstancy. Such was my confidence in you, and I made such applications to my self of your firmness, that I would have believed that a man might sooner remove the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountains out of their station, than me out of your affections. How canst thou for shame cast thine eyes upon me, whose pure and exuberent Love

thou

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thou haſt rewarded with ſuch ſtarting diſloyalty, and lobe a ſtranger: a King and a Lober march together in this, they can neither of them beare a Competitor or Corrival. I will leabe partnerſhip and faction to Merchants; but where I debote my intimate lobe to any Miſtris, I expect a reciprocal and undiſtinct affection. But as you have unaccuſtomedly alienated your affection, and extinguiſhed that lobe, I thought nothing but death ſhould habe ended; ſo will I juſtly abandon your ſerbice, and here ceaſe to write, or lobe any more.

And reſt a ſtranger, *A. B.*

An amorous Letter to a moſt fair Creature.

Though the Sun be paſt, which deth his glorious tide from gold, yet he [illegible]. [illegible] thereunto [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Love-Letter.

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Breton, N.

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